THE Nation

April 21, 1951

After MacArthur

Washington - - - *Willard Shelton*

London - - - - - *Howard K. Smith*

Paris - - - - - - - *Alexander Werth*

U. N. - - - - - - *J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Next Moves - - - *Freda Kirchwey*

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST GALLUP POLL General Eisenhower is the best-liked potential candidate for President among both Republicans and Democrats. But Republican voters must probably now abandon any idea of having Eisenhower as their nominee next year. Their party leaders in Congress and in Albany have swallowed hook, line, and sinker the Asia-first, pro-war, pro-Chiang Kai-shek doctrines of General MacArthur. The Republicans cannot have both MacArthur and Eisenhower. MacArthur, writing contemptuously of European diplomats and our Western allies, wants to use our limited surplus of arms for Chiang's forces; Eisenhower favors the Atlantic Pact. MacArthur thinks that the way to solve all our problems is to bomb, blockade, and invade the China mainland; Eisenhower supports the Truman doctrine of limiting the fighting in Asia while continuing to sustain the integrity of the United Nations. MacArthur has practically turned himself over to the stage-management of Republican Party leaders: Eisenhower, recognizing both the proprieties and delicacy of our relations with our allies, publicly expressed a hope that MacArthur would not allow himself to become the center of "acrimony." Politicians are capable of astounding reversals, but it is difficult to see how the Republicans, having married MacArthur in April, 1951, could divorce themselves by June, 1952, and marry Eisenhower. A more plausible suggestion is that Mr. Truman, if he decides Eisenhower is really a powerful candidate, might ask the General to run on the Democratic ticket to vindicate the Truman foreign policy.

*

PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY ERNEST BEVIN was a twentieth-century embodiment of John Bull, with most of the virtues, faults, and prejudices of that symbolic Englishman. He had the strength of character of the man who has made his way against immense odds, but the struggle left its scars, and at times he was not merely tough but brutal. Born to deep poverty, Bevin went to work at thirteen and fought his way up through the ranks of labor while painfully acquiring an education. In this country we have known him well only since the war—in the final and most chequered phase of his career. As Foreign Secretary, a post which in 1945 he had neither expected nor wanted, he was working in an unfamiliar field, and his inflexibility perhaps reflected his lack of ease. He has been praised, and rightly, for his firmness in resisting unjustified Soviet demands, but although firmness is an essential ingredient in the art of diplomacy it needs to be supplemented by imagination. Bevin showed himself at his best in his quick recognition of the potentialities of the Marshall Plan—he had a real grasp of economic realities. His greatest failure was his disastrously clumsy handling of Israel, born of failure to understand the issues involved and an intolerant disregard for the passionate idealism that inspired the Zionist movement. But neither his successes nor his failures as Foreign Secretary will determine his place in history. He will be remembered rather for the great part he played in building up the British Labor movement, for his skill in welding a number of struggling local unions into an immensely powerful organization, and for his decisive leadership of the British Trades Union Congress at critical moments. Above all, perhaps, his fame will rest on his services as Minister of Labor in World War II, when his effective mobilization of manpower provided one of the major pillars of victory.

*

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC CELEBRATED ITS twentieth anniversary over the past week-end. In many cities—New York, London, Paris, Mexico—Spanish Republicans of all political shades gathered to proclaim their faith in the liberation of their country. Their hopes, maintained during eleven long and painful years of exile, had been heightened by recent events at home and abroad. Inside Spain the fascist regime was going through the hardest crisis of its existence, with such illuminating new developments as the suppression of Catholic newspapers because of their criticism of the social and economic policies of the government and spontaneous mass demonstrations in Barcelona and elsewhere against hunger and repression. Abroad, support of the Spanish people in their fight against Franco seemed to be reviving. It was certainly impressive to see the Committee of Foreign Relations of the French National Assembly, in which all parties are represented, adopt unanimously a resolution denouncing "the fascist regime of Franco" for "the state of terror and misery in which it holds the people of Spain" and "declaring its sympathy for the valiant fighters for freedom in Bar-

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celona." The vote was particularly remarkable because the motion was introduced by a Communist deputy, Alfred Biscarlet. Another motion requested the withdrawal from Madrid of the French ambassador, just appointed. This obviously extreme proposal was rejected, but only by eighteen votes against thirteen. As further evidence of renewed feeling, the international Socialist organization, Comisco, adopted at its last meeting a very strong resolution against the inclusion of fascist Spain in the Atlantic Pact.

*

A NEW LEASE ON LIFE WAS GIVEN TO THE Reconstruction Finance Corporation when the Senate last week refused to turn down Mr. Truman's reorganization plan. The agency will now be run by a single administrator, and presumably everyone will be anxious to repair the damage to its good reputation wrought by the exposés of the Fulbright committee. The private banking interests, however, have not given up their fight to destroy the agency, and bills are pending either to kill it or to limit its operations. It should be emphasized again, therefore, that as recently as 1948 a Republican-controlled Senate committee warned that abolition of the RFC would be extremely shortsighted, since such an agency might be vitally needed in the event of a future depression or other emergency. Today the RFC's ability to finance small business and defense projects is of immediate importance; the emergency forseen in 1948 is here. The reorganization proposed by Senator Fulbright and eventually adopted by Mr. Truman offers a cure for existing evils. Any effort to go beyond this plan and abolish the RFC or restrict its functions should be recognized as an attempt by private lenders to regain a monopoly of credit and to get rid of the RFC's ameliorative effect on interest rates.

*

THE MYSTERY OF THE STONE OF SCONE, which was kidnapped from beneath the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day last, has been solved by a neat piece of Scotland Yard detection. On the theory that the removers were Scottish nationalist students who were likely to have prepared for their exploit by careful research, a check was made on libraries to discover if anyone had been displaying an unusual interest in the Stone and its history. In this way the culprits were tracked down early this month, but perhaps because the whereabouts of the relic were still uncertain, no arrests were made. On April 10, however, the Stone was deposited by three unidentified men in the ruined Abbey of Arbroath, a historic Scottish shrine, and now that the authorities have decided to restore it to Westminster Abbey, its resting place since Edward I "borrowed" it from Scone Abbey in 1296, their hesitation

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on the question of prosecuting the "thieves" is understandable. Scottish nationalism, a movement inspired by a mixture of ardent romanticism and a feeling that Scotland's social and economic interests have been neglected by the British Parliament, has become a potent force in recent years: two million people in a country with less than five and a half million have signed a "covenant" calling for partial home rule. The "recapture" of the Stone added to the ferment, and probably few Scots regard the young people responsible as "criminals." Almost certainly their trial and conviction would give the more extreme nationalist elements a chance to create a considerable uproar. The British government might, therefore, be wise to make a generous gesture to sentiment by returning the Stone to Scotland and refusing to make political martyrs. England paid dearly for its mishandling of the Irish question. As the *New Statesman and Nation* says: "it would be tragic if sheer lack of imagination were to create a Scottish question."

*

AFTER A HEATED DEBATE THE BUNDESTAG —the West German Parliament—has approved a bill giving workers in the coal and steel industries the right to participate in management. This is the measure which Chancellor Adenauer reluctantly agreed to sponsor in February after the trade unions concerned had called for a general strike on the issue. Actually the workers in these industries have been exercising this right since the end of the war, for when the Allies appointed boards of trustees for the Ruhr combines they included labor representatives. The trade-union drive to establish the system on a permanent basis gathered force as soon as it became clear that the coal and steel corporations were to be decontrolled by the occupying powers and handed back to their owners. The bill, passed against bitter opposition from the right-wing parties by a temporary alliance of the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats, provides that every coal and steel company employing more than 300 workers must have a *Vorstand*, or executive committee, and an *Aufsichtsrat*, or board of directors. On the first one of the three members must be a personnel director appointed by labor; on the second there are to be five representatives of the owners, five of labor, and one independent to be chosen by agreement, or if that fails, by arbitration. In their efforts to defeat this plan the Ruhr capitalists have been joined by representatives of foreign investors, including delegations from the United States National Foreign Trade Council and the National Association of Manufacturers. It is doubtful, however, whether their advice was of great assistance: according to the Bonn correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, "union determination to achieve its goal has been stiffened by what one labor leader angrily calls 'unwarranted outside interference in our affairs.'"

FOURTEEN MONTHS AFTER THE IMPOSITION of a "loyalty oath" requirement by the Board of Regents of the University of California, an appellate court in that state ordered the reinstatement of the instructors discharged for refusing to sign the oath. Declaring that the existing pledge of allegiance to the state and the nation is the "highest loyalty that can be demonstrated by any citizen," the court concluded that any further test "would be the forerunner of tyranny and oppression." Administrators and faculties of other state universities at which demands have been made for the imposition of oaths can take courage from the successful fight of their West Coast colleagues. In a subsequent issue we shall publish a full analysis of the significance of this highly important decision.

Trial by Printer's Ink

THE concurring opinion of Justices Jackson and Frankfurter in the so-called "Little Scottsboro" case raises one of the thorniest questions in the American system of justice and, by the very fact of its having been written, points to a possible answer. The question is whether freedom of the press is so absolute that it must prevail even when it deprives accused persons of their equally constitutional right to a fair trial.

In this particular case the court as a whole reversed the conviction of two Florida Negroes, sentenced to death for rape, on the ground that racial discrimination had been practiced in selecting the jury. No doubt it had been practiced, and this was reason enough for the reversal. But to base the decision on this alone, the concurring justices pointed out, was to "stress the trivial and ignore the important." Had half the jury been Negroes, it is doubtful that it could have given the defendants a fair trial in the lynching atmosphere that had been systematically created by the local press.

Before the trial began, newspapers printed as fact the report, attributed to the sheriff, that the men had confessed. No confession was ever produced at the trial, either because no confessions had been made or because they had been illegally extorted and would not stand up in court. Nevertheless, every juror had read or heard about those "confessions" before he took his seat, and they were not erased from their minds by the fiction that they would judge only by what took place in the courtroom. Far from allowing for the slightest possibility of innocence, the press was violent and inflammatory. One paper printed a cartoon showing an electric chair for each defendant under the caption: "No Compromise—Supreme Penalty." And all of them featured under lurid heads the campaign of terror which forced the entire Negro community to abandon their homes and leave town.

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The Florida case provided an example of the extremes to which the American press may go without incurring the penalty of a contempt citation. If it has not gone quite so far in more celebrated cases, it has nevertheless gone far enough to shock the sensibilities of British and Canadian observers, whose countries have stringent contempt laws, and of sober American jurists as well. The two trials of Alger Hiss provided a field day for columnists and commentators, who analyzed the case while it was still before the court with a freedom that would have put an English journalist behind bars. In the same way the basketball players accused of throwing games and various individuals who have been indicted as an aftermath of the Kefauver committee hearings have already been tried in the papers though they have yet to be heard in court.

In an admirable article which appeared in the *Bulletin* of the New York County Lawyers' Association and has been reprinted, Judge Simon H. Rifkind attempts to come to grips with this clash between two of the basic principles of the Constitution. If anyone were to slip a memorandum to a jurist suggesting that a given witness was a liar, Judge Rifkind points out, the culprit would "be dealt with summarily," and no one would doubt that he deserved it. Why, then, should he be allowed to say the same thing in millions of copies of a newspaper which the juror can't help seeing, or over the radio which the juror can't help hearing?

To say he should not be allowed is logical but not very helpful unless we are prepared to give judges a great deal more leeway in censoring the press than they can safely have or than the Supreme Court has ever been willing to give them. Responsible newspapers like the New York *Times* prescribe "self-discipline," but one can imagine the effect of this counsel on the editors of Lake County, Florida, whose self-discipline was just about enough to dissuade them from personally battering down the jail doors to get at the prisoners. Change of venue should certainly be granted more freely than it is, but with radio, television, and the national press wire services, it is doubtful that in *causes célèbres* one part of a state, or even of the country, would be less aroused than another.

Judge Rifkind himself suggests closer ties between the law and the press. He would like to see a permanent body composed of members of the bench, the bar, and the editorial room, whose function it would be to "bring together the viewpoints of all concerned." And he would set up special watch-dog committees of the bar to go into action in celebrated cases with a view to holding the press to certain accepted standards of behavior.

With none of this can there be the slightest argument. The need for responsibility and coordination is as obvious as the interdependence. "The press must have an uncoerced judiciary to maintain freedom of the press; and the judiciary requires an uncensored press to maintain an uncoerced judiciary." But even a minimal study of the Hearst, McCormick, and Scripps-Howard papers will show how far we are from this dream of a well-ordered, self-regulating society. Until more publishers acquire the sense of responsibility needed to make a voluntary scheme feasible, there would seem to be no way out of the quandary but that indicated by Justices Jackson and Frankfurter. Let the higher courts systematically reverse all convictions or acquittals which in their opinion were arrived at as a result of the outside pressures of press, radio, television, or any other channel of communication. When states find that they must re-try cases again and again, at great public expense, or drop a prosecution altogether; when the very defendants whom publishers most want convicted go free because of the conduct of the publishers themselves; when social pressures mount as a result of these failures to convict, the press will be more inclined to watch its step and leave the judicial process to the courts. If a few guilty persons go free, that will be a small price to pay for retaining both an uncontrolled press and the right of fair trial.

Next Moves

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE recall of General MacArthur accomplished several things that urgently needed doing. It rebuked a flagrant act of military insubordination committed by a General of the Army who was also Commander of the United Nations forces in Korea, and thus ended a very present threat of Bonapartism. It prevented a deepening of the divisions in the United Nations that could have shattered the international organization and wrecked the Atlantic alliance. It assured a doubting world that American policy still favored settlement of the Korean war by negotiation rather than expansion of the war into China. All this has been fully reported in dispatches from abroad as well as from Washington and the United Nations. What has not been said plainly enough, at least in the American press, is that these good and necessary results of President Truman's courageous act will soon be lost sight of, or distorted beyond recognition for purposes of partisan advantage, if the Administration does not presently come up with a positive policy to fill the gap left wide open by its repudiation of MacArthurism. Certainly it is not enough merely to reiterate, as the President has done in his two major talks since the General's recall, that we shall continue to resist Communist aggression and see that it is put down for good in Korea, that we do not want or intend to attack China, and that we will gladly negotiate a settlement as soon as the enemy shows any disposition to do so. This is not enough because it provides no answer to the dilemma

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effectively posed by MacArthur himself: how to end the military stalemate which must inevitably develop if no cease-fire is arranged and we continue to respect Chinese bases in Manchuria. A stalemate in Korea would soon become insupportable, for it would mean a constant loss of life and continued destruction of the people and material resources of Korea, with no limit and for no purpose that could be discerned.

What is needed is a new, determined effort by Washington, in honest cooperation with the United Nations, to work out a plan of settlement which stands a fair chance of acceptance by Peking, assuming China and Russia want peace rather than war in Asia. Unless the Administration takes prompt steps in this direction, it cannot hope to win back the support of those great sections of public opinion which have been beguiled by the logically fantastic myth that if MacArthur had only been permitted to "act" against Manchuria and the Chinese coast, we should have had peace and the boys out of Korea. In other words the Republicans, with MacArthur on hand to lend glamour and leadership to their campaign, will move rapidly and surely to fill the policy vacuum that has in fact existed from the moment the war in Korea turned against the aggressors and confronted us with the question of how to stop the fighting and what to do with the country we had set out so briskly to save.

"No appeasement"—certainly. But what constitutes no appeasement? If we accept General Ridgway's view that the U. N. forces could count it a glorious victory if they regained the Thirty-eighth Parallel, we might assume that, with those forces across the line along its entire length, immediate negotiations to end the fighting could be safely and honorably undertaken. But as Herbert Morrison said last week, the question of the Parallel "cannot be treated apart from other matters concerning Korea." The crossing of the Parallel is important now only in so far as it creates a possible obstacle to a settlement. The methods of approaching a settlement remain. The terms of a settlement remain. One could not expect President Truman to address his first attention to either of these matters. His initial jobs were to establish, in the face of Republican charges of retreat and appeasement, his determination to carry out our commitment in Korea. But once that is done he cannot afford any further delay in filling the vacuum.

Nor will it do to hold back while other nations attempt to use this great and brief moment of opportunity to establish the basis of peace in Asia. Our hands are, it is true, partly tied by our leading role in forcing through the resolution condemning China and by lack of any direct contact with Peking. But if proper advantage is to be taken of MacArthur's recall, this country must put itself behind the peace efforts now being made by friendly powers in Peking. There are ways of circumventing the deadlock created by China's refusal to deal with U. N. committees set up under the aggressor resolution. Diplomacy still may bring results that a divided United Nations cannot accomplish. If Washington were to make known through diplomatic intermediaries its willingness to negotiate a cease-fire and subsequent settlement on the basis of the "five principles" adopted last January, the Peking government would have a chance, without loss of face, to end the war on terms it agreed to, implicitly at least, in its communications to the Indian ambassador. If Washington wants peace without appeasement rather than the MacArthur alternatives of indefinite stalemate or unlimited war, this offers a possible way to get it. If China wants peace rather than stalemate or war on its own soil, this way out is certainly the best it can hope to win by negotiation.

I DO not pretend that this particular formula or any conciliatory formula, will silence the cries of MacArthur's pack. They will shriek "sell-out" at whatever proposal is made, short of total surrender on the part of the Communists. They must shriek—both because they have staked their political fortunes on proving the President an appeaser if not a traitor and because they have in fact committed themselves to the MacArthur idea of a crusade against communism on its own ground. But their present strength is measured by the degree to which they have succeeded in convincing the country that the MacArthur policy would bring peace, not a holy war; I am convinced their strength would be rapidly deflated if the Administration actually found a means of ending the war on terms that had already been approved by the vast majority of the United Nations—including ourselves.

Many good results besides the deflation of MacArthurism would be achieved by such a move. It would loosen other knots, relieve other tensions. The conflict in Europe might well be eased by the beginning of a settlement in Asia. And many suspicions of American policy, which have multiplied like May flies during the MacArthur era, would be rapidly dispelled by a demonstration of constructive leadership; nothing in fact could more successfully spike the guns of the Kremlin propagandists. Whether President Truman consciously intended to couple the displacement of his Asian proconsul with a new policy seems doubtful. He may not even feel the need of doing more than keep up the fight in Korea, and hope for the best. But his own act—and the Republicans—will not allow him this latitude. Inherent in his bold move is the necessity of going farther: of showing that he can not only fight the war effectively, within the limits set by prudence and the decisions of the United Nations, *but end it,* with a settlement that yields nothing to aggression and claims nothing beyond a just and honorable peace.

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Inevitable Showdown

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, April 12

THE election issues of 1952 were fixed this week when the Republican Party, in a mass surrender to its lunatic fringe, lined up with General MacArthur in favor of extending the Korean war and in revolt against President Truman as constitutional Commander-in-Chief and director of foreign policy. It was not surprising that Senator McCarthy, in Milwaukee, said of the President, "The son of a bitch should be impeached," and followed this with a public speech implying that Truman fired MacArthur only after his aides had befuddled him with alcohol. But the Republican Leader of the House, Joe Martin, also talked wildly of "impeachments," and dozens of Republican orators shrieked about "appeasement," "treason," and a "Far Eastern Munich." Martin took personal charge of the deposed General's political arrangements. The Republicans will campaign for the Presidency next year on McCarthy and MacArthur.

The President, by firing the General and declaring in his radio speech that United States policy in Asia and in the U. N. is unchanged, showed that after many months of patient toleration he has decided to meet the challenge exactly as MacArthur and McCarthy present it. He has two more major speeches scheduled for the next few days, and according to advance information, he will continue to take the initiative on the political and constitutional issues. He is reported to have plenty of documentary evidence of MacArthur's insubordination, in addition to material already released, and will use it in the political arena if he must.

Thus while American and other U. N. troops face a powerful new Chinese offensive in Korea, we are embarked upon a critical and perhaps prolonged national debate. The dangers are obvious; yet the general reaction among Democrats, at least, is a sense of relief that Mr. Truman has at last taken strong action to reassert his leadership and Presidential prerogatives. Mr. Truman has shown once again that he is no Buchanan in the White House, no half-hearted weakling, but a man with the courage to defend the powers intrusted to him by the people. When a visitor congratulated him on his decision to fire MacArthur, he replied, "I had to choose between MacArthur and the Constitution. I decided to save the Constitution."

Those who rail against Truman today may forget that last November, when MacArthur was a defeated commander, the President stood by him loyally. The Chinese had struck hard at our over-extended forces and driven us back in a retreat which made a mockery of MacArthur's "victory-by-Christmas" boast. Just a little earlier, at Wake Island, MacArthur had assured the President that the Chinese Communists would not move. But at his November 30 press conference Mr. Truman said that people were for a man when he was winning and only too ready to jump on him when he was in a little trouble, and added that MacArthur had done a good job and was continuing to do a good job. When a reporter persisted in citing European charges that MacArthur had "exceeded his authority" and tried to advance "beyond the point where he was supposed to go," the President bluntly replied that the General had done nothing of the kind.

There is no sign that MacArthur acknowledged any debt of comparable loyalty to the civilian commander who thus sustained him. It became increasingly clear in the last few weeks that his actions were deliberately designed to force Truman either to replace him or to yield to his plan to turn the Korean conflict into World War III.

The President alone, of course, made the decision to fire him, but there is no doubt that the decision was welcomed not only by our allies abroad, who had been treated with increasing contempt by MacArthur, but also by the General's superiors in the Pentagon. The documents show that the Joint Chiefs of Staff had repeatedly admonished MacArthur to remember his position. Secretary Marshall was so fed up with MacArthur's flamboyance and wilfulness that three months ago he warned a colleague to forgo a projected trip to Tokyo. "You've got ulcers," Marshall said. "After you see that fellow you'll be sick for two weeks."

Mr. Truman finally ordered the dismissal of MacArthur about 1 p. m. last Tuesday—twelve hours before the extraordinary press conference at which the order was announced. Actually he reached his decision the preceding Thursday, after learning of MacArthur's insubordinate letter to Joe Martin. Certain questions had to be settled before he acted: whether the Russians, for example, would be able to exercise a veto power over the selection of a new supreme commander in Japan, and who should replace General Ridgway as commander of the Eighth Army. During the week-end Truman consulted with Marshall, General Bradley, Acheson, and other top advisers. Meanwhile MacArthur continued his guerrilla warfare, sniping at the British and allowing the release of sycophantic press-association stories from Tokyo explaining why he claimed the right to a free hand in Asia. "Nothing was offered," says an incontestable source, "to change the President's mind."

Once the President gave the go-ahead signal, General Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, played the key role in choosing the documents to be released in connection with Mr. Truman's orders. It was necessary to select papers which could be published without endangering our position in Korea but which

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would make it clear that MacArthur had been insistently directed to clear policy statements with Washington, "with a copy for the White House," and had flouted these instructions. Bradley took only one secretary into his confidence and in obtaining clearance and declassification served as his own messenger boy. In fact, he walked so many miles in the Pentagon corridors that he got a blister on his heel and the next day came to work with his foot in a grass slipper. There was a final half-hour conference of the President, Bradley, and three others at Blair House Tuesday night. Then the orders and documents were mimeographed, and Press Secretary Joseph Short routed White House reporters from their beds for the 1 a. m. announcement.

It is a toss-up whether MacArthur will speak before an informal joint meeting of Congress or an official joint session; there is also some question whether his appearance before Congress will be preceded by testimony before the Foreign Affairs and Armed Services committees, which would provide an opportunity for opponents of MacArthur to put some pointed questions. He was a brilliant commander, but his hero's welcome home cannot now be what it would have been had he understood the elemental fact that—as General Eisenhower expressed it after hearing of the Tokyo commander's ouster—"you accept certain inhibitions when you put on a uniform."

Four Republican Senators—Lodge and Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Duff of Pennsylvania, and Morse of Oregon—have spoken out thus far in alarm and distaste over their party's adoption of MacArthur's cause. Morse warned his colleagues today to cease their talk of "impeachment" until they presented a bill of particulars, and he read on the Senate floor the pertinent sections of the Constitution establishing the President's powers as Commander-in-Chief.

The majority of the Republicans, however, seem to be for extending the Far Eastern war rather than limiting it. Many are saying, as Senators Taft and Wherry did tonight, that the only solution left is an American attack on the Chinese mainland—an adventure that would get no support from Europeans or from the non-Chinese Asians who are our potential friends. They speak glibly of Chiang Kai-shek's "divisions" on Formosa, not facing the fact that American troops would have to form the vanguard of a "second-front" offensive. They will not send troops to General Eisenhower in Europe for an Allied army created under a treaty ratified by the Senate, but they indorse MacArthur's demand to lead an American army against China. Anyone who disagrees with them must be a drunkard or a traitor. They have created an issue for the coming campaign by adopting MacArthur and McCarthy as their twin guides and are determined that the issue shall be fought out on whatever grounds they choose.

"Thou Art Soldier Only"

BY HOWARD K. SMITH

London, April 12

BRITISH commentators on the MacArthur issue are keeping their eyes intently on the ball, and they believe that President Truman can win his fight against the Republicans if he does the same. Editorials here have reiterated that there is only one question at issue: it's a simple one, and the only possible answer to it is the one the President has given. It is not whether MacArthur's policy was right or wrong, but whether generals may make a nation's foreign policy. In the days since MacArthur was fired, reportorial legalists here have been searching the annals of Anglo-Saxon lore on the subject, not neglecting the Bard of Avon, and can find no authority who differs with Shakespeare's dictum in "Antony and Cleopatra": "Thou art soldier only: speak no more."

It is felt here that if the President allows himself to be dragged into a debate on whether MacArthur's policy is right or wrong, he will get mired and America will be split, to the detriment of a united national effort, over an argument on which there may be honest differences of opinion. But if he sticks doggedly to the point—do his opponents favor altering the basis of American government from Republicanism to Bonapartism?—and reiterates it each time his enemies try to shift the conflict to other grounds, no honest American can do anything but admit that Mr. Truman's decision was right.

However, Americans, like citizens of other nations, are not all honest. The evidence for that statement has already been abundant in some Senatorial reactions to the President's move. In contrast to such hysteria, British comments on the MacArthur issue, though blazing with denunciation of the General before the showdown, have since his recall been tactful and prudent almost to a fault. The pattern followed in all the papers is to couple soberly worded approval of Truman's move with gentle tributes to MacArthur's past military services. The fear is that boisterous cheers for the President might give ammunition to those who say he was acting under British pressure and therefore be more embarrassing than helpful to him in the Congressional fight. There is much support for the Manchester *Guardian* line that the best way Britain can support Truman now is by sending more troops to Korea within the next few weeks. Amending slightly its own injunction against cheers, the *Guardian* says that "[the President] is in the right, and in every democratic country except his own his action will be received with almost unmixed approval and relief"; and practically everybody agrees.

The relief felt in Britain is already registered in domestic politics by a curious kind of causal sequence. For

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months now Laborites and Tories have been in a bitter, no-quarter-given battle for power in Parliament. The short tempers and long, harassing debates sent Prime Minister Attlee to the hospital with a duodenal ulcer, contributed to Ernest Bevin's decision to abandon the Foreign Office, and even sent the Speaker of the House into temporary retirement under a doctor's care. But the day Truman removed MacArthur the atmosphere in Commons suddenly lightened. Winston Churchill broke the tension with the first kind words to cross the green-carpeted battlefield in weeks when he rose to give his party's indorsement to the Labor government's statement approving Truman's action.

Attlee's own Labor left-wingers, who on several recent occasions have threatened the government's existence by rebellions, were likewise muted. A host of their resolutions and Parliamentary questions on Korea were withdrawn, and for the first time in months they seemed to settle cozily into the bosom of the party. When the Cabinet idol of Labor left-wingers, Aneurin Bevan, threatened to resign from the government over budget differences, he raised no spark of support among the usually inflammable Keep Left group, and this was thought by many to have led him to reconsider his threat and stay in the Cabinet.

The fact is that the irritation of both Tories and leftists that has long agitated British politics has been largely due to honest feeling in both quarters that the world was caught in a dangerous condition of drift and indecision, that the worst scene of this condition was Korea, and that the Labor government was doing nothing to improve the situation. The dramatic removal of General MacArthur brought instantaneous relief with the thought that it may be much easier now for the United Nations to agree on policy. Both groups opposing the government's course felt able to relax in their efforts. One newspaper suggests that the MacArthur decision may have added a year to Labor's term of power. President Truman's broadcast late the same night seemed closer to the British view on Korea—which is largely the West European and Asian view—than any official American pronouncement so far and heightened hope of agreement.

Most serious newspapers, like the London *Times*, are now concentrating on the matter of getting an agreed policy on paper and making it known to the world before the abatement of what has undeniably been the salutary effect of the MacArthur dismissal on the rest of the world. An honest, unbombastic statement of aims now, it is felt, would be a gain no matter how the Chinese Communists may react to it. If they accept a gesture of peace, then peace could be made. If they don't, the West may at least be whole-heartedly unified and have a clear conscience on the struggle in Korea for the first time since MacArthur crossed the Parallel last year.

Judgment Reserved

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, April 12

BOMBSHELL! Thunderclap!—need one repeat all the newspaper clichés to describe the impression created by the firing of MacArthur? It seems important nevertheless to distinguish between the reactions in London and Paris. London's resentment toward MacArthur has been piling up for months, finally developing into a nation-wide protest in which even the most conservative papers, such as the *Daily Mail*, have recently joined. The government had made public the strong protests forwarded to Washington, especially since the latest MacArthur utterances, and Parliament had been preparing a full-scale anti-MacArthur demonstration which was checked only by Truman's action.

Official France, however, continued to follow a conformist policy toward America and would not say boo so long as Truman seemed to be identified with the Far East Caesar. Apart from the Communist press, which has screamed about MacArthur's provocations and identified him with American policy as a whole, only a few papers like *Le Monde*, *L'Observateur*, and *Franc-Tireur*—the latter abandoning its longstanding support of American policy—have emphasized the grave danger of MacArthur creating a new *fait accompli* with an attack on Manchuria. Considerable criticism has been heard of late that Auriol, by apparently failing to stress sufficiently to Truman the extreme anxiety felt in France about the General's conduct, had rendered Britain's task doubly difficult. The British role in the recall was perhaps overstressed by Claude Bourdet's *Observateur* when it said, "London got his skin at last," adding that Britain had saved the peace for the second time—the first being Attlee's rush visit to Washington last December.

But whatever influence Britain exercised, it is now clear that the same considerations were also operative in the United States. It became obvious that MacArthur was about to involve the United States in a war against China in which America's moral case—already not very good in some respects in the matter of Korea—was going to become utterly unacceptable to Europe. If an attack had been launched against China, the United States would in reality, if not on paper, have lost all its allies.

Russia might have regarded an American-Chinese war as the beginning of the Third World War. In that case the conflict could not have begun in a manner more unfavorable to the United States. Under such circumstances Russia could have taken any retaliatory step it wished, including the invasion of Western Europe, without being accused of having started the war. On the other hand, Russia might have sat back for a

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time, allowing America to inflict great destruction in China and thereby arouse world-wide anti-American feeling. Later Russia could have intervened with aircraft —possibly unofficially—and according to Stalin's recent predictions have ousted American land forces from the Far East. The Russians seem to feel there would have been few objections to such an outcome outside America. In short, Truman's decision is estimated here to have saved America not only from grave military difficulties but from a disastrous total diplomatic isolation.

For the rest, what can be said? After the genuine happiness caused in Europe by Truman's stopping the car at the edge of the precipice, the news from Washington has been stressing that this does not end the complications arising out of MacArthur's actions. Judgment is reserved as to whether the end of the Korean war is much nearer.

Relief, Hope, and Shame

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

United Nations, April 13

IN THE United Nations the decision of Mr. Truman to relieve General MacArthur of his posts of command was received Wednesday morning with approval, joy, and praise for the courage and wisdom of the President. I refer, of course, to the majority, since there is a core of diehards among the delegates ready at any time for all-out war against China, under the single condition that they do not have to send a soldier of their own. The general feeling was confirmed when on the same night the President took his case to the American people and suggested as an alternative to World War III the hope of a peaceful settlement with Communist China. Putting aside reasons of a domestic political character that may have influenced Mr. Truman, the majority at the United Nations look upon him with mixed feelings of astonishment and admiration.

They may have been surprised to find in him the courage they themselves lacked when the crucial moment of the Korean fight was reached. At that time, with the discussion of the resolution branding Communist China as aggressor under way, the roles were reversed. Then it was Mr. Austin, representing American foreign policy in the Far East, who pressed hard to have Mao condemned, and the group of delegates who now praise the President's courage, although convinced that the passing of that resolution would close the way to peace with China, bowed to the American dictate.

No one is likely to forget that parade of delegates voting the opposite of what they had been proclaiming. The terms on which the problem stood were crystal clear. It was absurd to expect that in practice two contrary lines of action could be combined—to brand China an aggressor, to refuse even to consider Mao's claim to China's seat in the United Nations, to reject Peking's protest on Formosa, and at the same time to hope, with fingers crossed, that the Chinese Communists would swallow the resolution and begin peace talks with the newly appointed cease-fire committee. But the dramatic and unforgettable last warning by Sir Benegal Rau, that in the view of the "highest authorities at Peking" once the word aggressor was fixed in the resolution Communist China would continue to fight, fell on deaf ears. It was certainly not very gallant, the general readiness of most delegations to put all the blame on the United States while they themselves, not to mention Secretary General Lie, failed miserably to hammer out a workable United Nations policy. So on Wednesday there were varied ingredients in the reaction of the United Nations—relief, hope, and a little shame.

The hope took shape in an impression that the United Nations is now bound to emerge from its paralysis and that a new declaration of policy on Korea will probably be formulated in the next few days. Assembly President Nasrollah Entezam of Iran met on Thursday with his two colleagues on the Good Offices Committee, Padilla Nervo of Mexico and Graftstrom of Sweden, to examine the situation in the light of MacArthur's dismissal. The Asian-Arab group of twelve nations planned to meet again and meanwhile were sounding out the Soviet delegates. More hope was placed by some delegates on the private efforts being made in Peking by Sweden, Britain, and India to convince the Mao government that the situation created by the change of commanders in Korea and the President's speech offered the possibility of renewed negotiations. Sir Benegal N. Rau, chief Indian delegate, is known to believe that the moment is most propitious for a fresh attempt.

An objective analysis of the entire issue made it evident that any formulation of a new policy on Korea must take into account all the surrounding aspects of the conflict—the future status and reconstruction of Korea, Formosa, the representation of China in the United Nations. This does not mean that all of these must be settled simultaneously or be definitely articulated in the negotiations for a cease-fire, but rather that from the start they must be accepted as parts of a step-by-step negotiated settlement.

A certain progress had been made in that direction even before the removal of MacArthur. As the other governments of the Atlantic coalition suddenly became aware that there was no time to lose and that if they did not resolutely oppose the policy formulated by General MacArthur in his letter to Representative Martin the world might find itself in the space of weeks involved in a general war, they began to talk firmly in Washington. What happened should have been easy to predict—that it is one thing to proclaim and support a

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policy of containment of communism and a quite different thing to accept a new world war unless there is a direct attack by Russia.

The solidarity of the Atlantic coalition—a matter of greater moment than any other issue, as President Truman plainly recognized in his Wednesday address—was put to an acute test. London and Paris began to talk out loud. Most impressive and for Americans most alarming of all was Canada's declaration that "easy and automatic relations" with the United States were a thing of the past. Among all the documents bearing on the crisis, historians will surely give a leading place to the speech on April 10 by Lester B. Pearson, Canadian Secretary for External Affairs; it made a profound impression on all the United Nations delegations. It is also known that President Auriol during his visit to Washington was most outspoken in private talks with Mr. Truman.

During this exchange of opinions the British requested that Peking be given a look at the American treaty draft for Japan, and reaffirmed their view that the disposition of Formosa had been determined by the Cairo declaration of December, 1943, providing that the island should "be restored to the Republic of China." Other proposals and counter-proposals affecting both Chinese and Western interests could now be used by any adequate intermediary such as the Indians if they were given a free hand to try their good offices.

Of course those delegates who urge that the way is now open for peace do so on the assumption that Moscow would exercise its influence to end the Korean war. In demanding a new serious attempt to ease present West-East tension, only fanatics or imbeciles could dream of agreement as the result of unilateral concessions from the West; therefore all the noisy talk about "appeasement" and a "second Munich" is so much rubbish and nonsense.

But on the other hand, in the opinion of several persons with whom I have spoken, a new approach to the entire problem must be made if the events connected with the dismissal of General MacArthur are to prove fruitful. "If you repeat day after day to the American people and other peoples," one U. N. official told me, "that communism must be destroyed, that the coexistence of the two systems is impossible, that Russia is only watching for the moment to fling itself on the world, then the simple, logical reaction of the man in the street is 'let MacArthur do the job his own way: he is the best man to accomplish that task.'" Also, as long as Communist China remains charged with aggression, it is difficult to imagine either that Peking will be in a mood to negotiate or that the United Nations will agree to discuss objectively Korea, Formosa, and the representation of China. In a word, it is not only a question of changing the United Nations Supreme Commander but of changing the attitude of both sides toward the question of Korea in particular and of Asia in general. There are only three possibilities: negotiated peace, stalemate, and enlargement of the war. And every day the issue is postponed, the problem becomes more insoluble.

Government by Whitaker and Baxter, II

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, April 3

IN JANUARY, 1945, Governor Earl Warren, rather to his own surprise and surely to the surprise of nine million Californians, urged the legislature to adopt a compulsory-health-insurance bill. The timing would indicate that the Governor was thinking of the 1946 election, in which it was essential that he appear as the sponsor of at least one significant piece of social legislation. Health insurance was an excellent choice. It was extremely popular, and its advocacy would offend only the doctors, a limited professional group with little political influence and a notoriously inept sense of public relations. But—these things will happen—the doctors borrowed a page from the strategy of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and retained Whitaker and Baxter, who had managed Warren's successful campaign for the governorship in 1942, for three years at an annual fee of $25,000.

In the book of Whitaker and Baxter it says that lobbying is a waste of time and money because it is inconclusive. Not only is the composition of a legislature always changing, but legislators are like women—you have to keep buying them candy and flowers. Just as a resolution adopted at one session is not binding on the next, so the favors of a lobbyist need only be acknowledged in the session in which they are accepted. But a campaign won

CAREY McWILLIAMS, a staff contributor and well-known author, is an active liberal in California politics. The first article of this series, printed last week, gave a picturesque account of the origins of the husband-and-wife firm of Whitaker and Baxter. The third will discuss the threat to American institutions offered by "government by public relations."

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as a public issue will stay won—for some years at least. And it is probably cheaper in the long run to lobby the people than to lobby their servants. It took some talking to convince the doctors of all this, but they were finally sold on a public-relations campaign.

Without wasting any time in Sacramento, Whitaker and Baxter went directly to the people with the theme that "political medicine is bad medicine." The main prongs of the attack were (1) a campaign for indorsements, not because indorsements are important per se but because they are a means by which sentiment is organized—within three months more than a hundred powerful state-wide organizations were corralled; (2) a speech-making campaign in which 9,000 doctors were first inflamed with Whitaker's rhetoric and then sent out "to do a job," heavily laden with Whitaker and Baxter speeches couched in "fighting prose"; (3) an intensive lobbying campaign in which the doctors in each of California's eighty assembly and forty senatorial districts were told to approach the principal backers of their Assemblymen and Senators—Whitaker and Baxter insist that if the legislator's backers are thoroughly lobbied, the legislator will have to deliver; (4) an equally intensive lobbying of "thought leaders," including the presidents of 400 service clubs, 280 officers of veterans' organizations, 500 officers of women's clubs, lodges, and civic organizations, 200 insurance executives, and almost every city, county, and state official. Incidentally, one of the keys to the influence of Whitaker and Baxter is the enormous quantity of political favors receivable that the firm has accumulated from prior campaigns.

ANOTHER key to its success is found in its adroit manipulation of the press. Whitaker and Baxter, be it noted, consists of four divisions: Whitaker and Baxter, political public relations; Campaigns Inc., professional campaign management; the Clem Whitaker Advertising Agency, an accredited agency; and California Feature Service, which is an outgrowth of Whitaker's Capital News Bureau of an earlier period. California has some 700 newspapers, including any number of rural and small-town papers, which are always grateful for boiler-plate copy, cartoons, and editorial material—and, of course, for advertising. California Feature Service sends, without charge, a weekly political clip-sheet to all its subscribers and to about 1,500 "thought leaders" in the state.

Some 300 newspapers make fairly regular use of this clip-sheet, many running it as a column, others reworking its material in editorials. The sheet is invaluable in keeping the political pot boiling between elections, in promoting—for a fee—various candidacies and issues, and in presenting the views of the more important clients who provide Whitaker and Baxter, the public-relations firm, with annual retainers. Among these clients are Pacific Gas and Electric, the California Medical Association, the major railroads, and forty of the large farm cooperatives. In California campaigns the Clem Whitaker Advertising Agency collects, in addition to the fee charged by Whitaker and Baxter, the usual 15 per cent commission on all business regularly subject to commissions, such as radio and billboard advertising, but *not* on newspaper advertising. This policy, in conjunction with the free clip-sheet, has made the words "Whitaker and Baxter" music to the ears of small-town editors. The commission may be insignificant to the newspaper accounts in terms of net revenue but it wins friends. In recent years, however, the firm has collected commissions on advertising placed with the metropolitan dailies in San Francisco, Oakland, and Los Angeles.

The real inwardness of this policy was misunderstood by Don Hollenbeck, the CBS commentator who keeps an eye on the wayward press. Hollenbeck criticized an advertising schedule of Whitaker and Baxter's during the California Medical Association's campaign as an improper attempt to influence editorial opinion. The schedule, however, was offered to every newspaper in California, those that opposed as well as those that favored the Warren health program. It is difficult to see anything improper in such an offer, though it could scarcely be argued that the advertising was without influence on editorial policy, particularly among the smaller papers. Whitaker is too experienced a newspaperman not to realize that the press would be quick to resent a clumsy attempt to buy its favor, but as an astute expert in public relations he knows that advertising is never resented. While the charge of "bribery" was unjustified, the waiving of commissions is undoubtedly largely responsible for the popularity of Whitaker and Baxter campaigns among California newspaper publishers.

Rule No. 8 in the fifty rules which Whitaker and Baxter has formulated for running campaigns reads, "You Can't Beat Something with Nothing," or, stated another way, "You Can't Win a Campaign Defensively." From the outset it sought to get the doctors off the defensive by having them talk about *voluntary* health insurance. The advertising ballyhooed "Voluntary Health Insurance Week," which was officially observed in fifty-three of the fifty-eight counties of California; more than 120 mayors and 600 city councilmen lent their names to the crusade. How could any politician afford to be against *voluntary* health insurance? Some 40,000 inches of paid advertising appeared in 420 daily and weekly newspapers, and nearly 30,000 inches of tie-in advertising was donated by druggists, grocery stores, dairies, bowling alleys, and even bars—all in an effort to win favor with the doctors and to whoop up the campaign against "socialism."

When the campaign started, 2,500,000 Californians were enrolled in voluntary health-insurance plans; when

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it ended, 5,000,000 were enrolled—nearly 1,000,000 more than Governor Warren promised to care for with his plan. Need I add that the Governor's plan was defeated by the narrow margin of 39 to 38 votes in the Assembly in 1945 and by a larger margin in 1947 and that today it is given no chance of passage? Moreover, before the campaign was over, the number of newspapers opposing the Warren plan had doubled.

Governor Warren

There are those who contend, with good reason, that the figures cited by Whitaker and Baxter on the increased enrolment in voluntary health-insurance plans are subject to drastic deflation and are actually meaningless apart from a detailed specification of what risks and hazards, if any, are covered. But this crude realism should not be permitted to minimize the accomplishment of Whitaker and Baxter in having written a political script in which doctors, originally cast as special-interest heavies, emerge as crusaders for the people's health. This is expert political management; this is government by Whitaker and Baxter.

TO THE headquarters of the American Medical Association in Chicago the victory in California was welcome news. Back in 1938 the A. M. A. had inspired the formation of the National Physicians' Committee, through which it could engage in lobbying without jeopardizing its tax-exempt status. In seven years the committee spent well over $1,000,000, most of which was contributed by manufacturers of proprietary medicines and instruments, insurance companies, real-estate interests, and so on.

After Whitaker, a masterful speaker and a superb salesman, appeared before the National Medical Public Relations Conference in St. Louis on November 27, 1948, the A. M. A. decided to switch horses. The N. P. C. was disbanded, and the A. M. A. assumed direct charge of the campaign against the Administration's health-insurance program by setting up the National Education Campaign, with Baxter as general manager and Whitaker as director. An assessment of $25 a member was levied to raise a $3,500,000 war chest, and by January, 1949, Whitaker and Baxter were installed, with a staff of thirty-seven, at 1 North LaSalle Street, Chicago. A "Plan of Campaign" was sent out with the compliments of the authors to every member of Congress and to hundreds of newspaper and magazine editors, so that they might read the score while enjoying the music. Then, in February, 1949, Dr. Morris Fishbein was removed as editor of the *Journal*. As Fishbein was the symbol of the old leadership, so Whitaker and Baxter represents the new.

Critics promptly pointed out that the sum raised by the assessment was more than the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals had spent in forty-five years to improve medical training programs, but Whitaker and Baxter replied that the dues and assessments were considerably less than those levied by many trade unions for essentially the same purpose. Dr. Thomas S. Mattingly, a prominent Washington physician, charged Whitaker with being an evangelist—after all he *is* the son of a Baptist minister—who, "never missing a single suffocating cliché," had assured the A. M. A. that "Oscar Ewing would never socialize medicine so long as Whitaker and Baxter had three million dollars to spend on tracts, holy relics, and pictures." As a tart postscript Dr. Mattingly observed, "I have never been much for cure by testimonial." Later David Brown, former editor of *Liberty*, resigned his $15,000-a-year job as editorial director of the campaign in protest against Whitaker and Baxter methods, but Whitaker and Baxter says he resigned after it sent him a critical memo. Herbert Baus, the public-relations expert, returned to Los Angeles after a short sojourn in Chicago because he objected, it is said, to the way the campaign was being waged. Nevertheless, the Truman program was stopped cold by the late spring of 1949.

One of Whitaker and Baxter's first acts was to get permission to make color reproductions of Sir Luke Fildes's famous painting "The Doctor," which shows a kindly, bearded family physician of the 1840 period sitting, head in hand, by the bedside of a sick child—suggesting, according to some, that the doctor was in one hell of a quandary about the child's illness. Some 70,273 poster reproductions with the caption "Keep Politics Out of This Picture" promptly went up in doctors' offices across the country. A traveling medical press conference was launched, more to improve relations with the press than to reach the public; 8,000 organizations were induced to voice enduring enmity to the Truman-Ewing program; and more than 100,000,000 pieces of campaign "literature" were printed.

A $1,000,000 advertising campaign which was started last October and culminated just before Election Day reached approximately 60,000,000 newspaper readers. About $560,000 was spent for newspaper advertising—enough to buy two quarter-pages in every bona fide daily and weekly in the United States. Two-thirds of the copy promoted voluntary health insurance; the rest was devoted to Oscar Ewing and "socialized medicine." Ap-

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proximately $440,000 was earmarked for magazines and radio, including a network show to tell medicine's story to the nation.

In addition, of course, many state societies, notably the Indiana Medical Association, conducted simultaneous public-relations campaigns. The A. M. A.'s offensive opened with the usual ads in *Editor and Publisher, Advertising Age, Printer's Ink,* and *Tide,* explaining that the schedule was offered to the entire press, with no strings attached. This advertisement was placed by a national agency and not by the Clem Whitaker Advertising Agency. *Editor and Publisher* advised newspapers to come out against compulsory health insurance before the schedule started; "then the critics," it said, "won't have anything to talk about. They can smother in their own indignation."

The A. M. A. can look back on this campaign with pleasure. For although the Democrats narrowly retained their majority, the liberals in Congress took a bad licking, and mention of the Ewing bill is no longer considered good manners around the Democratic National Committee.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Britain's Honest Budget

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

IN A broadcast speech on the evening of April 10, Hugh Gaitskell, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, told his listeners that the budget he had presented to the House of Commons that afternoon was "not the kind I could have introduced if Korea and its consequences had not happened." But for the need to divert resources to the rearmament program, he continued, his budget "could have been quite a popular affair, some reward for all the hard work and waiting, for the big rise in production, for the dollar gap filled, for export targets hit, for getting the country on its feet again."

Thus the fruits of recovery, won by disciplined labor and austerity, have once again been snatched away from the British people. Instead of a "popular" budget they are offered an "honest" one: under the circumstances, Gaitskell said to the House of Commons, it could not be both. In particular, the budget had to be so framed as to hold in check the inflationary tendencies encouraged by increased spending on defense, which adds to money incomes—wages, salaries, and profits—but subtracts from the total supply of consumable goods. Hence it was the Chancellor's task to absorb excess purchasing power in order to prevent over-abundant money from chasing scarce goods, which leads to taxation by rising prices.

There were two ways, Gaitskell pointed out, in which the government could tackle this problem: it could cut down the social services—a suggestion that evoked Tory cheers—or it could increase taxes. As was to be expected, Britain's Labor government decided on the second alternative. Even though hopes of enlarging the structure of the welfare state must be postponed by the exigencies of rearmament, the government is not prepared to begin the demolition job urged by some of its opponents.

The budget, in fact, includes only one minor blow at the social services—the proposal to charge Health Service patients half the cost of dentures and eyeglasses, now supplied free. This change will, it is estimated, yield some $36,000,000, partially offsetting higher costs for food, medicines, and nurses' pay, and enable the Chancellor to limit the total Health Service bill to $1,120,000,000, a sum which he believes to be the maximum that the country can now afford. Since such a charge is by nature regressive—that is to say, it falls most heavily on those with the smallest incomes—it is likely to be protested strongly by the Labor Party's rank and file. On the other hand, there will be general approval of Gaitskell's decision to increase the rates of old-age pensions, assisting a group which has been particularly hit by rising living costs.

Altogether the total cost of the social services, including the subsidies which enable basic food prices to be stabilized at a relatively low level, will be $4,522,000,000 in 1951-52, about 37½ per cent of the budget total and 12½ per cent of national income. Critics of the Labor government maintain that this is a greater burden than the country can bear when there is so large a defense bill to be met. If expenditure in this department were trimmed, they argue, it might be possible to avoid any increase in taxation. This would mean, however, loading the costs of rearmament mainly on the weakest backs—a departure from the principle of "fair shares" which has been the foremost plank in the Labor Party platform.

Since Gaitskell firmly refused to make this departure, he was bound to seek more revenue—not an easy task

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in view of the range and height of British taxes. His object, as he stated frankly, was not merely to balance the budget but to "discourage people from buying," and particularly from buying goods which can be exported or which compete for materials and labor with defense production. That was the reason why he doubled purchase taxes on such consumer-durables as automobiles, household appliances, radios, and television sets. In the case of the gasoline tax, increased sharply for the second year in succession, the Chancellor's aim is presumably to hold down demand for a commodity a large amount of which must be paid for in dollars.

In addition to these indirect taxes, which serve to discourage buying, there are to be a number of increases in direct taxes designed to reduce spendable income. Thus the tax on distributed profits is being raised from 30 to 50 per cent to restrain corporations from increasing dividends and persuade them to reinvest their earnings —a kind of forced-savings measure. Individual incomes are to be hit by a 2½ per cent increase in the standard rate of income tax. However, since exemptions for married couples and children's allowances are to be rather larger, the total tax bills of families in the lower brackets will not be any greater. Moreover, this boost in income tax will, according to Gaitskell, "take back" only a fraction of the tax reductions made since the end of the war.

Nevertheless, "Dr. Gaitskell's slimming course" for taxpayers will be accepted as the price that must be paid to meet the increased cost of defense—nearly $1 billion more in 1951-52 than last year and destined to rise steeply again in 1952-53—without resorting to inflation. It is a high price, but whether it will prove high enough depends on a number of factors, some of which are beyond the control of Britain. A further sharp rise in world prices of food and raw materials, leading to sharper increases in the cost of living than the budget anticipates, would throw all calculations out of kilter. But the biggest danger at present seems to be sheer inability to obtain sufficient raw materials at any price. That may mean a decline in both British production and exports sufficient to cut real national income and upset the balance-of-payments position. Thus consideration of Britain's efforts to maintain stability while providing for its share in the Western defense effort reminds us of the urgent need for international action to secure an equitable and balanced distribution of essential raw materials—action which lags pending a firm American lead.

IS SLIMMING DANGEROUS ?

London *Daily Herald*

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BOOKS and the ARTS

ANDRE GIDE: THE HAZARDS OF IMMORTALITY

BY ALBERT J. GUERARD

ANDRE GIDE died in quiet apotheosis, honored on nearly every side, the hostilities of the 1920's and 1930's appeased. Even François Mauriac did him a kind of justice at the end, and suggested that God willed Gide to be such as he was. The respects of the government were paid, appropriately enough, by the Ministry of Education; and no doubt there will soon be a Rue André Gide. In the last months all the seemly preparations had been made. The mobile ancient visage and friendly teasing voice were preserved in "La Vie commence demain," a film on the makers of the modern mind. And near the end Marc Allegret made a film of Gide in the bosom of his family—at the dinner table, giving a piano lesson, playing with his grandchildren. For the sound track he recited his first and last article of faith that the world will be saved by the few. By his deathbed the fit last words were duly heard and recorded: "C'est bien." And now Gide faces the hazards of immortality. In a few years he will enter the twilight period which follows on the death of the great writer who has found honor in his own time. How will he emerge in, say, 1965 or 1970?

Gide's posthumous reputation will surely follow different curves from those described in his lifetime. The vagaries of his fame have been singularly instructive. The Gide of 1891-1909 —whose movement away from symbolism and realism now seems historically so "important"—was read only by an élite. And even that élite thought him wilfully delicate and minor. "L'Immoraliste" did not sell its three hundred copies, and "Les Nourritures terrestres" sold only a thousand in fifteen years. Gide briefly reached a wider public with "La Porte étroite" in 1909; this deceptive novel seemed to combine piety with the traditional conflict of love and duty. But the "general public" was not the public he needed to win. In the same year Gide and a few friends founded *La Nouvelle Revue Française,* and its success insured his own. Its peculiar combination of classicism and experiment, of austerity and relativism, created an atmosphere which has dominated French literature ever since. And a policy of rigid non-commercialism led to the spectacular commercial success of Gallimard, the associate publishing house. By 1911 Gide, leader of the group, was already a representative figure: representative in his multiple *artistic* contradictions. But he was not yet the corruptor of youth and "demoralizer" he wanted to be.

Over the war years Gide's reputation prospered in much the way Sartre's did between 1940 and 1945. The rebellious and the lost of 1918 discovered "Les Caves du Vatican," published four years before. Young men saw themselves in Lafcadio, and the Dadaists adopted Gide as their "uncle." But even this does not explain the drastic change from exemplary self-contradictory artist to exemplary self-contradictory moralist. Why did Gide suddenly seem *le contemporain capital* and incarnation of his age? Gide said, partly to spite them, that Massis and Béraud had made him famous by their attacks. The "Morceaux Choisis" of 1921 certainly counted for much. This anthology designed for young people underlined the contradictions and evasions. But most important of all was the descent on the astonished reader, within a very few years, of five most contradictory books: "Corydon," "Numquid et tu . . .?" "Si le grain ne meurt," "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," and "Le Voyage au Congo." How could the same mind contain so much perversity and such a fervent piety, such diabolic cynicism concerning itself, so much amusing vivacity and novelistic talent—and such an honorable social conscience? Today, to be sure, we see Gide's "representativeness" in slightly different terms. In his struggles with guilt he defined and cultivated that anxiety and dissolution of personality from which so many others suffered and hoped to escape. And in retrospect he suggests more than anyone else—in his political and religious hesitations—the modern intellectual's dual longing for independence and for consoling commitment.

In all this the living presence and personality played a major part—the active encouraging editor, the charming and evasive friend, the sage of Pontigny, the sympathetic father-confessor to whom so many young people carried their troubles. He was, for men as different as the over-subtle Rivière and the earthy, innocent Francis Jammes, the one man who always understood and to whom anything could be said. There was also the changing vivid legend: the legendary chaste young man who went to Mallarmé's salon with a Bible under his arm; then the sinister figure in a black cape who was always leaving for North Africa and who brought Athman to the 1900 Exposition; then the repository of unspeakable vices. The Catholic efforts to convert Gide go back to the early years of the century. But the greatest issue for the Catholics was whether "Si le grain ne meurt" should be published. These vices are not permitted, they argued. *But above all they must not be confessed.*

All this will not help Gide when he emerges from the twilight period and his living presence is unfelt. By then literary historians will have done still more simplifying and abstracting—and will perhaps even have confused Gide's egoism with that of his arch-antagonist Barrès, or his relativism with Renan's. More personally: the meditative gloomy introvert of the Journal may have altogether superseded the man who lived so fully and who so enjoyed his life. (This, to be sure, will have its justice, for it was the introspective solitary who wrote most of the important books.) In

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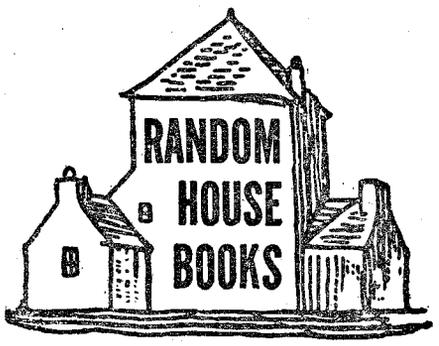

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one respect, historians may improve on the evasive accounts already given. They may speak more frankly of Gide's extraordinary experiment in living and contemporaneous fidelities—to the loved wife in Cuverville, the loved mistress and mature male companions in Paris, the succession of loved Arab boys. In the 1890's Gide professed to hate the family as an institution, but he ended by enlarging it as few have done before him. He resolved to suppress nothing; and did not, in the end, suppress very much. Yet all this time he cultivated his own particular ethic of austerity, and affirmed himself through innumerable renunciations. He followed his inclinations—upward and by combating them.

GIDE is very nearly the most versatile of French "men of letters," which makes prediction all the more difficult. What six or seven works will dominate the others in 1970, what two or three a century later? We may assume that "Corydon" will exist only as an oddity, and that the second "Robert," a wretched melodrama on labor relations, will never find appreciative readers. But will some later age rediscover the somber tragedy "Saül," which Gide himself rated so highly? There are many tangibles and intangibles to consider. "Le Retour de l' enfant prodigue" and "Thésée" are alike masterpieces of rich classical prose, of spiritual autobiography translated into symbolic terms and endlessly distilled. But the earlier work is just the right length for anthologies, whereas "Thésée" is too long for this purpose. The occasional works will of course have a changing interest, as the occasions themselves dwindle. Thus the beautifully written "Voyage au Congo" may outlast the hasty "Retour de l'U. R. S. S."

The situation, in this year of Gide's death, is clearer than it is likely to be for some time to come. Extreme Catholics in France—perhaps because they can read nothing else with impunity—emphasize the sensitive literary critic. And indeed it is hard to imagine the "Dostoevsky" or the "Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs" losing all their freshness and provocation. But by far the greater number see his Journal as the one "work" most likely to survive. For all his contradictions, Gide was no withdrawn and passive Amiel, on whom all the winds of doctrine might blow. Yet his Journal provides an unusually varied picture of sixty years of French and European cultural life at its finest; of the political and moral suasions of our century, which troubled not merely Frenchmen. It is not, any more than Rousseau's "Confessions," the complete picture of a man. Even a full edition, with expunged passages restored, will say little of Gide's happier days, when he had no time or inclination to keep a diary. But it does offer one of the fullest examples in all literature of a mind's effort to understand its own contradictions. Perhaps Gide came at just the right moment. A Freudian before he read Freud, he struggled to understand those self-destructive impulses which had puzzled Dostoevsky, Poe, Baudelaire. Born a little later, he might have read Freud in his youth, and so been spared the energizing struggle for meaning.

The struggle to understand and explain gives "Si le grain ne meurt" its lasting strength. In 1926 only the crucial North African episodes seemed to matter. Actually, these were confessions too long pondered and *decided upon* to make for very good writing. Today the slower and more exploratory pages on childhood and adolescence seem richer—richer, in fact, than anything in the Journal. It is hard to accept that some of the "spiritual autobiographies" must perish. The unread "Cahiers d'André Walter" and "Voyage d'Urien"—revealing Gide's homosexuality, through imagery and selective episode, before he had discovered it himself—will have their day as psychological documents, and the "Voyage" (1893) will also take its place as an important moment in the transition from symbolism to surrealism. But these are naive and cloudy books. All the later symbolic autobiographies—from the "Paludes" of 1895 to the "Thésée" of 1946—show an exquisite sensitivity, economy, control. Any one of them could survive for style alone.

The novelist? Perhaps the first task is to distinguish between Gide the novelist and Gide as an influence on the modern novel. In academic terms Gide was the most important figure of his time. He was at the start of both roads which the French novel has taken in our century, and led the way along

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both. "L'Immoraliste" (1902) and the other orderly *récits* promised to save realism by teaching it economy and by giving it a Freudian complexity. The author never wasted pages on transition or description, and he almost never explained. It was left to the reader to correct the distortions of which the narrators were guilty. But the narrators themselves were caught up in our only too natural world; their histories were somberly realistic. The other novels moved in a very different direction. "Le Prométhée mal enchaîné" (1899), however calculated its formlessness and whimsy, pointed directly to surrealism. And "Les Caves du Vatican" and "Les Faux-Monnayeurs" moved toward the more moderate anti-realism of our own day.

The expertness of these entertaining books skilfully masked certain radical deficiencies in the novelist: a lack of creativity—there are scarcely a dozen memorable characters between "L'Immoraliste" and "Les Faux-Monnayeurs"; an inability to finish the books adequately, because the conclusions were too clearly conceived; an excessive dependence on the confession, the diary, and other forms of first-person narration. There is one interesting clue to Gide's limiting subjectivity as a novelist: he could not create a fool from within, where Dostoevsky could create scores. Thus the foolish narrators of "La Symphonie pastorale" and the novelette "Robert" betray themselves too succinctly and are lamentably unreal. Gide could not sympathize with such persons, even during the act of creation. He could fashion fools, but only through the objective satire of the *soties*.

The task of separating the major from the minor novels is therefore not too difficult. "La Porte Etroite" and "Isabelle" may find the quiet continuing life of James's "Madame de Mauves" or Radiguet's "Bal du Comte d'Orgel." But it is hard to believe that future generations will read "La Symphonie pastorale"; or, worse still, "L'Ecole des femmes," "Geneviève," or "Robert." "Les Caves du Vatican" and "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," on the other hand, are triumphs of wit and narrative energy and plot; and of stubborn perseverance, of Gide's determination to write the kind of free, irresponsible fiction he was little equipped to write. In the wonderful opening chapters of "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," at least, he did realize his old ambition to rival the vivacity of Stendhal. These are entertaining and intelligent novels. But Gide's first true novel was his best one. Misread for many years, "L'Immoraliste" now seems one of the most perfect of all "Freudian" novels; one of the most flawless stories, that is, of a conflict between the hero's conscious intentions and his preconscious energies and needs. But it is also a "terrible" book, a "fruit filled with bitter ashes," a mastered tragic experience. It involved Gide as no later novel did, and it involves every alert reader. It is, I believe, a very great book.

There is finally the demoralizer and corruptor of youth, the man whose mission was to disturb. The arguments of "Corydon" are too crude to convince any but those already convinced. And nothing dates so quickly, or so soon becomes innocuous, as the notoriously diabolic gesture; already "Les Caves du Vatican" is deemed proper fare for Thursday and Saturday matinee au-

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diences at the Comédie-Française. The corruptions of "Les Nourritures terrestres" seem more valuable, more complex, more durable. No doubt the young people of 1970 and 2070 will write their own injunctions to leave family, teachers, books. But the positive hedonism of this "manual of disinstruction" —its poetic evocation of everyday pleasures—remains seductive after fifty-four years. It appears to have had a more diversely liberating effect than any of the other books.

And yet—it is probably a mistake to separate Gide's ethical treatises from his other works. For all his books are maieutic or psychiatric. All of them ask us to listen to secret voices, to question motives and assumptions, to doubt our most cherished institutions. And all of them do the asking in a peculiarly intimate way. For each reader the style composes a voice which seems to speak only to him. Is this the reason why nearly all the books about Gide become so personal, even so autobiographical? The abstracted message of Gide the demoralizer is not so very startling when we compare it with other such messages. Art and style make the difference. For Gide was the greatest prose stylist of his time. This meant, among other things, that he *evoked* more than other writers did; that he had the power to demand more responses than they.

The Other Roosevelt

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Volume I. The Years of Preparation, 1868-1898. Volume II. The Years of Preparation, 1898-1900. Selected and Edited by Elting E. Morison; John M. Blum, Associate Editor; John J. Buckley, Copy Editor. Harvard University Press. $20.

"SPEAK softly and carry a big stick," was one of Theodore Roosevelt's most famous maxims, but he seldom spoke softly. This superb collection of his letters, of which the two volumes under consideration are part of an eight-volume project, makes this fact exuberantly clear. "The great letter writer must be an egotist," Lytton Strachey once wrote. In this respect the 1,931 letters in these two volumes qualify the late President as a great letter writer, and although there are not many "great" letters in the volumes there is hardly one that is not worth reading.

These volumes furnish the material for the re-creation of much political and social history during the period from 1868 to 1900, when the seeds of our present advantages and woes were being vigorously and sometimes carelessly planted. Since Theodore Roosevelt was probably the most aggressively coherent man in American public life during that period and the one with the most numerous interests, the publication of his letters is an invaluable contribution to the history of the United States.

This edition shows respect for both the subject and the reader but refreshingly avoids the danger of becoming merely a vast funeral urn with adulatory inscriptions. The numerous footnotes not only give useful information about the men and events discussed in the letters but are impartial in their judgments and sometimes witty in their illuminations. I have seldom come upon a more ambitious project in American history or one so intelligently and thoroughly carried out. Professor Elting E. Morison, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology department of history, ably assisted by an assiduous staff, has pulled no punches. They have examined more than 100,000 letters and selected about 10,000 for their eight volumes, omitting letters of thanks, letters similar to those included, and other matter that can be spared. They have had access not only to the Theodore Roosevelt Collection in the Library of Congress, containing about 100,000 letters, but also to 129 private collections. It is a pity, as they state in the valuable introductory essay, that the Henry Cabot Lodge, Leonard Wood, and George B. Cortelyou papers were not also made available to them.

Theodore Roosevelt was fortunate enough to be born into a family closely knit by mutual affection and sufficiently wealthy to avoid money grubbing. These facts were also limitations. He could not condone personal aberrations in domestic affairs or be quite sympathetic enough with the sometimes violent demands of the underprivileged. He grew up at a time when the United States, with vast natural resources, had won its unity in bloody war and was flexing its political and economic

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muscles and filling its lungs with industrial and political expansion. Coming early under the influence of that extraordinary Boston Brahmin, Henry Cabot Lodge, who remained his closest and most loyal friend and adviser, he developed the spirit of Alexander Hamilton rather than that of Thomas Jefferson, whom he despised outrageously—his "accession to the Presidency was a terrible blow to this nation," he could write to Sir Cecil Spring Rice on August 5, 1896, when the common man's interest in William Jennings Bryan was driving both Lodge and Roosevelt frantic.

Theodore Roosevelt was probably the most ardent militarist the United States ever had in public office. He loved playing soldier personally and was sincerely convinced that war was necessary to toughen the fiber of a people. He always wanted to gain the initiative in war, even at the risk of provoking war, and was angrily impatient with less militant minds which preferred national risks to national aggressions. He did not at all mind being called a jingo, and his main worry in May, 1898, was that peace might break out before he could get to Cuba. He foresaw the menaces of Germany, Japan, and Russia. He despised the French, whom he could not possibly understand, and dismissed the Italians and Spaniards as passé. The most prophetic letter in these two volumes is one Roosevelt wrote to Spring Rice on August 13, 1897, in which he expressed doubt that the English-speaking peoples could avoid succumbing to the Slavs but was sure they would not "ultimately succumb to the German." Russians and Americans, he added, "have nothing whatever in common." He felt that the Russians despised and feared our political institutions, however much our political corruption might shock them. He also foresaw that the Russians, while they might avoid liberalism, "will sometime experience a red terror which will make the French Revolution pale."

Astute as Roosevelt could be politically and avid as he was intellectually, his literary judgments read hilariously today. Henry James, he wrote Brander Matthews, was "a miserable little snob," whose "pointless, uninteresting stories about the upper social classes of England make one blush to think that he was once an American." He admired Tolstoy but thought "Anna Karenina" somewhat immoral and "War and Peace" defective because it criticized war. He bewailed to Lodge that he had "wasted a dollar and a half on Swinburne's new volume of poems." Some of Chaucer he found "very nearly indefensible."

Roosevelt's towering rages were reserved, however, for *The Nation* and the *Evening Post* under E. L. Godkin and Oswald Garrison Villard. These journals and men, among other uncompromising reformers, questioned Roosevelt's expedient relations with Thomas C. Platt, the corporation lobbyist who controlled New York Republican politics while Roosevelt was Governor from 1899 to 1901. Roosevelt himself had many reservations about Platt, but he hated to be criticized for doing business with him.

In fact, the most irritating feature of Theodore Roosevelt as revealed in this first instalment of the comprehensive edition of his letters is his unthinking and smug assumption that a man who disagreed with him fundamentally was necessarily a knave, a coward, a scoundrel, or a blackguard—and sometimes all four. Despite all of his doubts and waverings Roosevelt was a loyal Republican in the Federalist tradition, and unfortunately his economic education had been sadly neglected. After reading these 1,465 pages of letters I felt that Theodore Roosevelt never really understood the diverse American people despite his variegated contacts with so many of them. Unlike his more distinguished cousin, Franklin D. Roosevelt, he was not a true democrat but rather a firm believer in a special élite corps—not based on wealth but consisting of a large modicum of high Episcopal breeding—in the end, perhaps, resolving itself into himself and Henry Cabot Lodge. The tragedy of Theodore Roosevelt was that because of the expedience and compromise he considered necessary to get so many things done so quickly, his achievements were largely temporary and superficial, compared with the results of Woodrow Wilson's and Franklin D. Roosevelt's practical idealism.

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M. R. WERNER

The Worlds of Stephen Spender

WORLD WITHIN WORLD. The Autobiography of Stephen Spender. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

"WORLD WITHIN WORLD" is easy to misjudge, for it is so badly written that its importance is likely to elude the reader. An unsound distinction between poetry and prose elaborated toward the end of the book accounts, in theory at least, for these sentences which must be unraveled and reassembled, phrase by phrase:

> Prose is language used in such a way that the ideas and events or scene within the language are referred to as objects existing apart from the language, so that there is an understanding between the writer and the reader that these things could be discussed in quite other words than those used, because they exist independently of the words. But directly the language tends to create, as it were, verbal objects inseparable from the words used, then the direction of the language is poetic.

The line of Spender's verse has usually been nervous, the words creating, in his best poetry, "verbal objects." But his prose is slack, as if, indeed, any number of terms other than those he has employed in a given sentence would have served just as well.

This kind of writing is the more to be lamented because, as a testament to the hopes, failures, and difficulties of one of the major English poets of the twentieth century, of a man, also, who has been deeply embroiled in the political and literary life of his time, "World Within World" is, Cyril Connolly's "Enemies of Promise" excepted, the best book I know. And Connolly is no poet, nor has he involved himself in direct political action.

Spender's themes are "love; poetry; politics; the life of literature; childhood; travel; and the development of certain attitudes towards moral problems." Concern with the political present has sharpened a historical sense not usually found among men of letters. He never loses the larger catastrophes in focusing on his own difficulties and enthusiasms—an improvement on the self-pity which marred his "September Journal" of 1940. The sense of history is also clear in his estimate of literature as creation which "releases us from the routine of habit, reminds us of the ever-fresh experience of living, and puts us in a living relation to the past."

He was brought up, he says, "with a myth in [his] mind of the world having resolved itself from past history, correctly, like a sum." The sum was British upper-middle-class culture after World War I. From this culture, described in another place as "Puritan decadence" marked by "moral compulsiveness," he fled as soon as possible. As a writer he blossomed, like Isherwood, in the Germany of the Weimar Republic, since the fact that "everything was bare and there were no pretenses made even ugliness seem beautiful and exhilarating to me." (He is describing a bar in Hamburg, but the judgment will serve as evidence of what, in general, he found fruitful.) Returning to England he established himself among anti-fascist writers, "divided between our literary vocation and an urge to save the world from fascism." By accident, inclination, and association he joined that triumvirate of which Auden and Isherwood were the other members. In the society of Bloomsbury, "the most constructive and creative influence on English taste between the two wars," he was on intimate terms with the Woolfs and their circle. Then came his espousal of communism, expeditions to Spain during the civil war, and, chiefly out of his Spanish experience, his break with the Communists. A section toward the end of his book describes his activities in the London Fire Brigade during World War II.

Within this rich pattern of external activity he talks, without caution or reticence but still somewhat cloudily, about his inner development. In the course of it he has shifted from the search for identification with another person—such identification is likely to be "dangerously destructive"—to the establishment of relationships "based on the recognition in one another of opposite but complementary qualities."

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"World Within World" will disappoint anyone looking for gossip about the milieus in which Spender has moved. The issues involved at each stage of the pilgrimage have been too important for mere reminiscences of literary and political society. (Nor does he ever substitute urbanity, that pitfall of the autobiographer, for close analysis of his personal experience.) If one had not read Auden and Isherwood and Virginia Woolf, I doubt that the pictures of them here would mean very much. And although Spender clearly did not intend to re-create them for a curious public, his austerity about what he apparently considers trivia detracts from his book. The man is here, pretty completely; but the omissions and obscurities in the background—the most sophisticated literary society of our time—sometimes throw the portrait and the two worlds, public and private, out of focus. Often the reader is left feeling the need of more information than has been granted him, and feeling, further, that it could have been had for the asking, that it is only accidentally lacking. Oddly, for a poet, Spender rarely transforms anecdote into symbol. There are fine exceptions, such as a description of his mother, made wildly nervous by household tumult, appearing at the nursery door to exclaim, "Like Medea, 'I now know the sorrow of having borne children,'" and an account of Lady Ottoline Morrell, encumbered with several pekinese and a shepherdess's crook, voyaging forth atop a London tram in an unsuccessful attempt to get to know the "workers." The section about Spender's tangled activities in the Spanish civil war, perhaps because that has been the most important political event in his life, is lively and passionate. Here the feeling is only infrequently clouded by the verbiage.

For all its bad prose "World Within World" is a very good book. It is an honest and sometimes painful attempt to evaluate experience which has always been deeply felt and from which the writer is trying to draw wisdom. (And it must be remembered that out of it, also, has come some of the best poetry, especially some of the best love poetry, of our time.) It never spares its central subject. Out of chaos, private and public, Spender has arrived finally at some private order, at a few affirmations, a tentative knowledge, offered up in humility, which must be taken seriously by anyone preoccupied with political or creative activity. The coda of the book is crowded with passages such as this:

> I am a citizen who revolts against the concept of himself as "social man," with a respectable, official outside life, and two secret selves—a fictitious hero and a clinical case-history. It is in the individual who accepts the responsibility of his own complexity that the diversity of society attains a unity of consciousness where opposites are reconciled.

ERNEST JONES

James: A Unified Image

HENRY JAMES. By F. W. Dupee. William Sloane Associates. The American Men of Letters Series. $4.

THE man whose work H. G. Wells in "Boon" could describe as "a nothingness" has continued to bother people. As his country and countrymen have caught up with his "imagination of disaster," as other novelists' experiments have made H. J.'s discussable and his books more widely readable, Henry James himself has come to be a more

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and more distinct figure upon our own horizon.

One of the solid results of this generation's concentrated work in Jamesian criticism is F. W. Dupee's "Henry James," a critical biography in 9 chapters and 301 pages, which presents a unified image of a life and a work: a dignity of presence streaked with humor; a personage; an attitude; above all, a body of work demanding to be read and reread.

One may differ on small matters—the discussion of "The Great Good Place," the hedging on the ghosts in "The Turn of the Screw," the wayward turning topsy-turvy of "the Awkward Age," humor and malice to the top, pathos and sadness to the bottom; the not-seeing Hyacinth in "The Princess Casamassima" or Verena in "The Bostonians"—but these are the emphases of taste. What Dupee brings out is definitely there to be brought out. And many times he delights by making hitherto overlooked facets shine with new interest. He is sane and reasonable, and what makes his book a creation is its own emotional force. It moves to a climax and, surmounting it, flows on in a coda of fulfilment.

Dupee shows a development by showing the stages of James's life: the young, unconversational James, a little frightened, a little dubious, choosing Europe; the older James, coming to be at home there, accepting Europe as a necessary form of life, taking his chances with it, no longer a tourist or an exotic, and thereby enriching his work; and the still older James, the formidable friend and burgher of Rye, surviving an ordeal of unpopularity and misunderstanding, and becoming stronger and better, as Dupee puts it, a "great" instead of just a "fine" writer.

Dupee does not surround James with as much density—of geography, of history—as he might. His intention is otherwise, apparently. It is principally the thinking and the doing of the artist he is concerned with; so he deals in states of mind. This method on the whole suits James. He lived a life of the mind, of its motives, its fears, its aspirations, almost entirely, and all the climates surrounding his heroes, whether political, economic, or social, are related to states of the soul.

Dupee presents particularly well these states of soul or mind out of which the books issued during the long years of production—1864 to 1917. He moves interiorly from one of these climates of the mind to another, showing the why and how of the slow cumulation of change.

This is Dupee speaking of Henry James as a young man of the time of John La Farge's portrait: "Swarthy-looking, somehow exotic, he has the same full mouth that La Farge observed; the frank stare in his eyes, however, is that of some well-bred young immigrant disembarked in an unfamiliar and intriguing land; and he gives the impression, for what it is worth, of an abundant vitality." "Joseph in Egypt could not have had a graver sense of his representative character than James assumed in Paris," says Dupee of the James beginning his long exploration of Europe.

He speaks as follows of James growing into and accepting Europe: "He ceased to argue with life . . . he could act upon a deeper responsibility, which was finally to embrace some possible form of life and take his chances on his point of view." And this is a suggestion of the richness of his characterization of the older James, the Lion of Lamb House, as he appropriately calls him: ". . . James looked alien, both to his profession and his race. He was 'only doubtfully Anglo-Saxon,' resembled now 'a successful lawyer or banker

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of the old school,' now a Daumier, a Roman death mask, a member of the house of Rothschild, the Mad Hatter, an admiral, a merciful Caesar, a benevolent Napoleon. His eyes, it was often observed, were penetrating and sad—'age-old and world-weary, as are those of cultured Jews.'"

The book is an exhibition of a sound and subtle judgment exercising itself upon a subject that has been thought through. Mr. Dupee has gained an easy familiarity with his subject through long study. He has raked together sources and opinions, and he cites earlier critics generously; yet his independence of judgment carves out of this material a whole, both in his picture of James and in his thinking on him.

His method is a chronological narrative of happenings, thoughts, emotions, and the results—that is, books—of these interior activities of his central character. He presents first personal influences—parents, brothers, sister, friends; then environment—Albany, New York, Boston, Newport. As James begins to act—action for him equaling writing—Dupee makes room in his story for discussions of the tales and novels, the reviews, the travel sketches, the plays, etc., as they take life and form out of the background.

There are easy-paced analyses of major achievements. Those of "Daisy Miller," "The Portrait of a Lady," and "The Ambassadors" are particularly good. Mr. Dupee's skill is such that these breaks in his narrative do not clot the movement. He prepares the way for each such piece, giving the moral and aesthetic impetus behind the work; then showing how James was living, what he was thinking and feeling at the time, and what part of his ambition each such work failed or fulfilled.

The most considerable achievement of the book is the presentation of James in his later years. Somehow Dupee has got at what was formidable in James, both as a person and as a writer. The scope of the tempered old man's patience, courage, and persistence; the depth as well as height of his insights; his actorish humor; his way of suddenly shutting down "the trap of his mind" on such gadflies as Wells; his long-lasting friendships and the force of his influence, lines of it shown radiating into our day; his patterned life; and the interruption of that pattern in his fighting death—all appear as elements of an organic whole. And following upon this skilful presentation of the great old man is Mr. Dupee's intelligible claim for the superior greatness of the later novels, evolved as they were out of the greater and more painful concentration of the later years.

ELIZABETH STEVENSON

A Policy for Peace

PEACE CAN BE WON. By Paul G. Hoffman. Doubleday and Company. Paper, $1; cloth, $2.50.

WAGING the peace is Paul Hoffman's phrase for the foreign policy which he believes the United States should follow, and he makes a very persuasive case for it. He is firmly convinced that the present masters of the Kremlin are aiming at world domination, and he is in entire agreement with the position of the United States government that the Soviet Union's aggression can be stopped only by a combination of military strength and aid to foreign countries which will seem more attractive than anything Russia has to offer. He believes that this combination can give us a fair chance of preserving peace.

There is nothing startlingly new in Mr. Hoffman's presentation, but the fact that it comes from a hard-headed business man who was, by his own statement, brought up an isolationist and is still a Republican, may make some impression on the people who have been calling President Truman's Point Four program a world-wide WPA. It would be rather silly to accuse the former ECA administrator of being in favor of boondoggling.

The book is not in any sense an apologia for ECA. While considerable space is devoted to the operations of that agency, it is treated rather as a pilot plant for future action than as something which could be regarded as an end in itself. The author specifically recommends the creation of an Overseas Economic Administration which would take over not only the work of ECA but also the economic and production problems of rearmament of the free nations. He believes that both this proposed new agency and our foreign

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information services should be independent of the State Department. It is too bad that this point is not discussed more fully, since Hoffman's experience obviously qualifies him to have an opinion worth serious consideration. Instead, he merely states with practically no argument that the State Department should be relieved of administrative responsibilities so its attentions can be devoted entirely to diplomacy. He seems to feel that cooperation between ECA and the State Department was entirely satisfactory and apparently does not see any danger of greater conflict and confusion in a separation of the economic, informational, and diplomatic aspects of foreign policy.

An estimate of about three billion dollars a year is given as the cost of an adequate foreign-aid program, not counting military aid. The figure is interesting as coming from a well-informed observer, but, again, it is too bad that the estimate is not supported by a more detailed analysis. One might almost suspect that it is based as much on the author's views as to what he thinks the American economy can support, and what he thinks Congress might appropriate, as on any careful examination of the world's need for the Point Four program. However, it may not be far from the maximum which is practicable, all things considered.

The book ends with a cautiously optimistic prediction that the United States can win if peace is waged aggressively along the lines the author proposes. His hope that there may be a change of policy or political control inside Russia in the relatively near future is scarcely anything to count on, but his program seems to offer the best available chance for peace even without that. And it is heartening to have him say with great earnestness—as one of his arguments against the idea of a preventive war—that "the only way to make democracy work is to work through the ways of democracy."

CHARLES E. NOYES

Letters to the World

LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. Introduction by Mark Van Doren. World Publishing. $3.75.

EMILY DICKINSON'S LETTERS TO DR. AND MRS. JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND. Edited by their granddaughter, Theodora Van Wagenen Ward. Harvard University Press. $4.

THESE two useful books are heralds of what appears to be a period of burgeoning Dickinson criticism. Mr. Van Doren correctly refers to "Letters of Emily Dickinson" as "the core" of her "correspondence as we know it." This volume is a reprint of the original 1894 edition, and although the letters it contains were made newly available in an enlarged edition in 1931, they have been hard to come by in recent years. The new edition is paper-covered and handsome.

Mrs. Ward's volume contains sixty-four hitherto unpublished letters, as well as six new poems, the latter of trifling importance. The editor has employed what is called the "genuinely historical approach"—that is, she has printed the letters without bowdlerization of any kind, and she has attempted a definitive chronology, worked out on the basis of internal evidence, changes in the style of handwriting, watermarks, types of letter paper, and so on. The volume is a fairly sustained exhibit of Emily Dickinson's epistolary style, or styles, from 1853, when she was twenty-three, to 1886, the year of her death.

Mrs. Ward's collection of letters offers no striking biographical revelations. There is nothing here to encourage speculation about the "love affair" of Emily Dickinson and the Reverend Mr. Charles Wadsworth. The poet was accustomed, indeed, to inclose unaddressed notes to Wadsworth in her letters to the Hollands, to be addressed by Dr. Holland and forwarded to Philadelphia. She expressed her fear of imposing upon the Hollands in this matter by such fanciful language as "I once more come, with my little Load— Is it too heavy?" Though the atmosphere of intrigue lends a touch of romance to the relation of Emily Dickinson with her "Philadelphia friend," Mrs. Ward is certainly correct in deciding that the moral—she finds it hard to say the sanctimonious—Dr. Holland would have participated in none but the most spotless conspiracies.

These letters provide, however, a number of fresh glimpses of the Dickinson family: the austere, imposing, much worshiped father; the passive, faithful mother, with whom her children "were never intimate"; the sharp-tongued, excitable, but executive sister Lavinia, for every one of whose six cats Emily invoked an imaginary assassin; the respectably successful but nevertheless wayward and disappointed brother Austin, with his cultural strivings, his free thought, his idolization of Tommaso Salvini in the part of Othello.

Although Dr. Holland was an influential literary man, the author of much inferior but widely read prose and poetry and the editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, the Holland-Dickinson correspondence does not concern itself very directly with literature. We gain a new sense of Emily Dickinson's extraordinary immersion in Shakespeare and the Bible; we learn anew of her love for George Eliot, the Brontës, and Mrs. Browning; we discover, even, that she

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read James's "The Europeans." But it would naturally seem to her difficult to share literary experiences with correspondents who apparently regarded her own poetry as—in Dr. Holland's words—really unsuitable for publication because too "etherial."

In any case, the typical subject matter of Emily Dickinson's letters is not literature but the cult of spiritualism, of death and immortality, which she shared with all her correspondents, which—it is almost true to say—she imposed upon her correspondents. The language of her letters, though it belongs to a genre cultivated by many New England ladies, is idiosyncratic enough to compare, as an original American invention, with the prose-poetry of Whitman or the folk-language-*cum*-traditional-English of Melville and Mark Twain. Mrs. Ward's collection of letters reinforces one's feeling that Emily Dickinson's epistolary manner is an amazing idiosyncrasy but not really a great style—"If my Crescent fail you, try me in the Moon"; "[Love] is the basis of Bonbons"; "Vails of Kamtchatka dim the Rose—in my Puritan Garden, and as a farther stimulus, I had an Eclipse of the Sun a few Mornings ago, but every Crape is charmed." The style is astonishing, but as literature it demonstrates nothing so clearly as the mistake of confusing a private game of words with the act of making metaphors.

As always, Emily Dickinson's salvation as a writer is her sense of death, which she connects in a variety of ways with her image of her father. After Edward Dickinson's death in 1874, she says, "Father's was the first Act distinctly of the Spirit." When her own mind moves with this "first Act" as its metaphor she becomes, in these letters as elsewhere, a great writer. So we sense when she writes: "Mother is asleep in the Library—Vinnie—in the Dining Room—Father—in the Masked Bed—in the Marl House." Or when she calls herself a "Bird that would sing as firm in the center of Dissolution, as in it's Father's nest." Or when, elaborating on one of her favorite Biblical passages—"For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth"—she writes, "Landscapes reverence the Frost, though it's gripe be past."

RICHARD CHASE

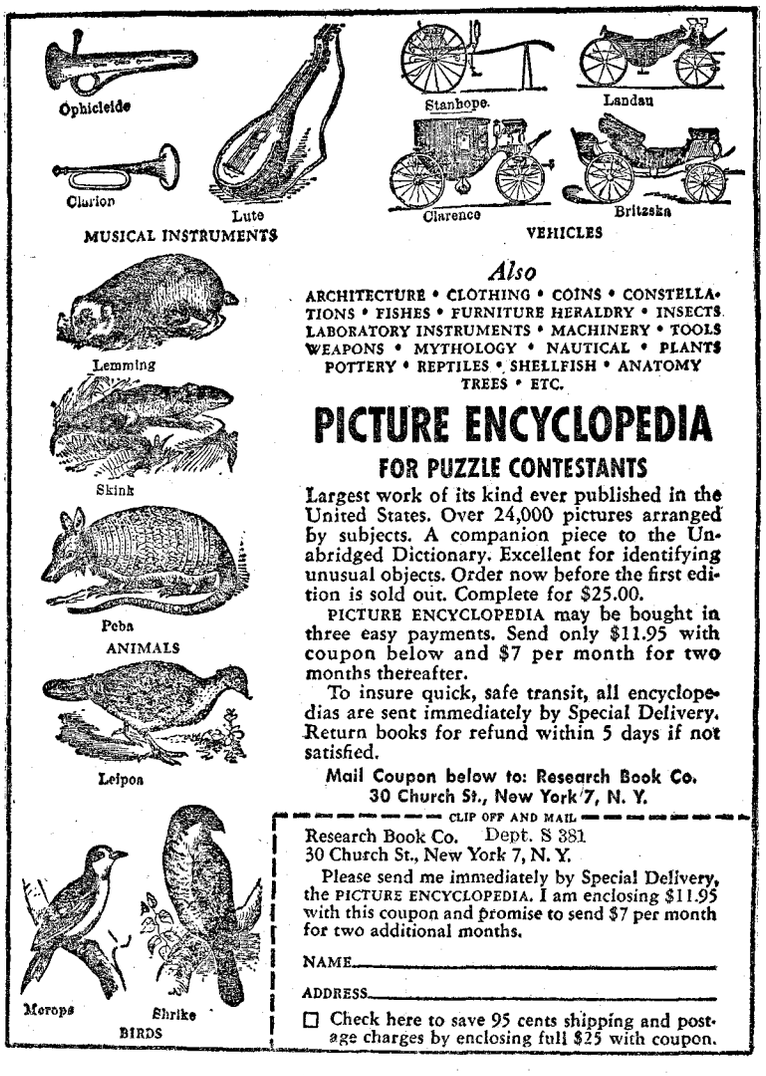
The Relevance of Irrelevance

THREE MORE NOVELS OF RONALD FIRBANK. Introduction by Ernest Jones. New Directions. $5.

WITH the publication of the present book New Directions has made available the bulk of Firbank's work. While none of these three novels is quite as good as "The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli" or "Prancing Nigger," which were included in an earlier collection, "Caprice," at least, is a wholly successful piece of sustained wit; and "Vainglory" and "Inclinations" provide instances of the cagy irrelevance and ironic pathos which characterize Firbank at his best. Ernest Jones has written a pertinent and helpful introduction.

We *need* all the Firbank we can get. We need the example of his splendid inconsequence—seen backward with special effect through the work of Henry Green—to deliver us from the dull consequence of plot. We can be stimulated by the strategies of his dialogue: the constant flow of talk, at once witty and silly, real and artificial, to which no one listens, and into which everything, action and introspection, is dissolved—even the author's comment becoming just another voice among drawing-room voices. The effect is that of extreme fenestration; his works are all window and no wall, every possible element of structure sacrificed for the sake of light.

We need his practice chiefly, however, as a specific against the thick novel of merciless documentation. I remember recently putting down "The Wall," opaque, earnest, and unconvincing, *wrong* as fiction, and picking up "Cardinal Pirelli," slight, mannered, and impudent, with the sense of coming home to the authentic literary experience. Time has delivered Firbank from the misleading connotations of the titillating and the chic, so that we can see him now as a classic instance of the uses of convention. We are all the time somehow forgetting that the truth of fiction is in inverse proportion to its resemblance to any superficial "reality." Even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great masters of the convincing grotesque like Faulkner or Dickens or Dostoevsky become so familiar that we come to think of them as "realistic." At that point we must turn to some master of a new convention, or a revived one, to which we are no longer immune, and learn again that the essential skill of the novelist lies in protecting his fictional standards of truth from any adulteration with the standards of actual life. This is the use of Firbank now.

His revival coincides with the resurrection of F. Scott Fitzgerald, and the two have a good deal in common, even beyond the similarity of their lives: the careers of conspicuous waste, the compulsive drinking, the early deaths. Though Firbank began writing before the First World War, his best work belongs to the period which also produced "The Great Gatsby." And between the two figures of the twenties Carl Van Vechten is a common link. A friend of the Fitzgeralds, who made their first fictional portraits in "Parties," he also was the first American to write an essay about Firbank in 1922; and indeed, he was the inventor of the title of "Prancing Nigger."

Firbank's first subject is, like Fitzgerald's, "The Rich." The work of both presents through the eyes of a middle-class outsider a myth of the very rich as quasi-artists, exponents of "style." Both are interested only in the elegant consumption of goods and quite ignore the problem of their production; both at once love, despise, and pity their legendary protagonists, whom they measure against the standards of a Catholicism eaten away from within by an unsuspected Puritanism and overlaid with a *fin de siècle* trimming. They share, too, a second subject: the frantic adoration of youth as an absolute good; and in each his most splendid pathos is dedicated to this subject—the aged Cardinal's pursuit of the unobtainable boy, and Dick Diver's self-torment on the surfboard.

The differences between their legendary worlds are illuminating. There was in England an actual world of chic, on which Firbank's stylized books are remotely based; it was a dying society, but it was there, as a refuge from bourgeois anti-art morality. For Fitzgerald, however, the dream of a common ground for artist and profligate in America was merely a dream. Perhaps that is why Fitzgerald turned toward tragedy and made his central symbolic figure the desperate and isolated drunkard; while Firbank was able to stay inside of comedy and chose for his essential protagonist the homosexual at home in an ambiguous and infertile world.

Yet whether preferring the comic or tragic, both writers suffer finally from the same flaw—an inability to disengage themselves sufficiently from the values of the milieu they portray. Fitzgerald shares so deeply the sentimentality of his protagonists that he ends with a disguised self-pity rather than the objective pity of true tragedy; and Firbank is himself so much a party to the witty snobbery of his characters that he ends with a second-rate irony, negative and exclusive, rather than the positive, inclusive irony of, say, Moliere's "Misanthrope." There is an ultimate irony of love to which Firbank for all his skill and wit and sincerity cannot attain.

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

MY RECOLLECTION of Flagstad's first New York performance in "Tristan und Isolde" in February 1935 is documented by the first recording of the finale that she made at the end of that season. One of the amazing things about the voice at that first performance was its freshness after twenty years' use which had included very little singing of Wagner; and listening to the record at the time it was issued I heard the loss of this freshness after the wear and tear of a few months of Isoldes, Sieglindes, and Brünnhildes, sometimes four in one week. But listening to the record now I cannot recall or imagine anything beyond the flow of vocal splendor in long phrases that it reproduces; and it confirms my recollection that what I heard at that first performance was nothing less than a phenomenon—as unique a phenomenon among soprano voices as Caruso's voice among tenors.

That is still true of what I heard at Flagstad's last "Tristan" performance

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at the Metropolitan recently, even with what had been lost after sixteen years. The unique splendor which used to be heard throughout the entire range of the voice was gone from the upper portion; and gone also were the breath-taking high C's of the frenzied opening passage of the second-act duet. But if *this* had been the performance in which Flagstad was singing her first New York Isolde at the age of forty-two, and if she had sung with such lustrous beauty in the lower range of her voice, with such clarity and power in the higher notes up to the B of the first-act narrative; if, moreover, she had produced those long phrases, including the final *höchste Lust,* on one breath; and even if she had managed only the first high C in the second-act duet and substituted A for the second—one would have thought the singing phenomenal. And as the performance of a woman of fifty-eight the phenomenon was even greater.

So with her singing in "Fidelio"—above all her sustained legato singing in *Komm Hoffnung,* her long unbroken phrases, the second rising to high B, on *sie wird's erreichen,* her long phrases also in the fast part of the aria, and at the end the climactic rise to G sharp followed by the rapid scales from a low E to high B. Even with the high notes that lacked the beauty of the lower ones, even with the break for breath before the last rush to high B, it was singing which would have been extraordinary from a woman of forty, and which was even more so from a woman of Flagstad's age. It was in fact singing such as Lotte Lehmann had not done even at forty, by the evidence of her Parlophone recording of the aria. But Lehmann's singing on the record is suffused with the affecting personal warmth and dramatic animation which Flagstad's lacked. That brings me perilously near to the subject of what Flagstad looked and acted like in this opera—from which I retreat as fast as I can.

The singing of the rest of the casts in the two performances of "Fidelio" I heard—one on the radio and a later one in the Metropolitan—was good, except that in the broadcast performance Schoeffler sang his notes with gross disregard of their placing and duration in time. I have no recording to document my high estimate of Bruno Walter's conducting of the work ten years ago; but the two performances this time were slack and nerveless, with ragged and poor-sounding playing by the orchestra. Herbert Graf's staging of the work was good, except for some absurd bits of "business" by members of the chorus in the final scene.

Svanholm's quavering tenor and slight stature made him an inadequate Tristan for Flagstad's lustrous-voiced and huge Isolde; and Brangäne's warning call from the tower needed a more sumptuous contralto than Glaz's. Dino Yannopoulos, listed as stage director, seemed to have done no directing of Flagstad waving her scarf in the second act, of Flagstad and Svanholm arranging themselves for their duet in this act or for Tristan's death in Isolde's arms in the last act, or of the battle between Tristan's and Marke's men in which Kurvenal is mortally wounded—all of which were in varying degrees laughable. As for Reiner, once past the Prelude—which had no continuity as he pulled it this way with one tempo one moment and that way with another tempo the next moment—he settled down to the business of conducting a well-knit performance in which the orchestra played with precision and beautifully balanced sound. And it was a pleasure to hear the second-act duet without the cut that used to be made after Brangäne's call.

Very early in Flagstad's career at the Metropolitan I questioned her being used only in Wagner (except for "Fidelio"), pointing out that the great Italian repertory was being sung badly when the company had the most phenomenal singer of our generation who in Norway had sung in "Aida," "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Otello." Now

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Mr. Bing has announced that she will sing in Gluck's "Alceste" next year—providing a further example of his thinking his own way to new decisions with his remarkable intelligence and judgment for the purpose. But occasionally even he can accept a current idea without thinking about the realities which contradict it; and so we are to have "Alceste" in English.

Art

MANNY FARBER

THE plush décor of Fifty-Seventh Street, show window for Manhattan painters, is a strange environment for a painting to find itself in, when you consider that most art works originate in low-priced Greenwich Village caves. Perhaps this change of backdrop has encouraged some artists to toy with the idea that one's surroundings, being impermanent, are also composed of a pliable substance. It might explain why current exhibits show architecture being pushed into strange, abnormal casts that sometimes seem like a monstrous parody of the average artist's terrain.

In the works of George Constant (Ferargil Gallery), interlocked figures become an almost comic-strip rendering of piled-up proletarians indistinguishable from, and dominated by, big-city masonry—that is, simplified chimneys, bridges, or skyscrapers built out of squat, brick-like humans. The architectural mannerisms—stucco skin tones, big square shapes—make you feel that Constant applies paint with a bricklayer's trowel. This unworried, unintentionally humorous approach results in an exhibition of canvases so resembling each other that they are like unpieced sections of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle.

Despite hues like cherry soda pop, harmonized with yards of orange and black, Mark Rothko (Parsons Gallery) builds noiseless decorations, perfectly unified presentations of a langorous sensuality. In large vacant-looking works he achieves an architectural structure by floating huge, equalizing color bands on top of each other so that one's view is moved up his canvas as though it were a lofty skyscraper. By stopping these chunky stripes just short of the picture's edge, he contains the composition within what amounts to a quietly painted window-frame, which continues around to the two-inch side edges. With his bland, logical resolving of all pictorial problems, and by applying color so vaporously that it emanates from the canvas like an odor, Rothko dispels some of the uninspired effect of his color tones. However, his heavy emphasis on the decorative restfulness of a wall painting seems to have progressively smoothed Rothko's road until his works vary drastically now only in size.

In Rolf Nesch's pictures (Kleeman), the textural haze that blurs and crinkles the architecture is produced by an unorthodox combination of techniques. Nesch starts by etching a variegated jungle of tacky indentations on a copper plate; he oil-paints out most of this texture with a lyric impression of the Central Park skyline, and then stamps one impression on paper from this pigmented plate. After cleaning the plate, he paints another subject, and so produces a second poetic paper, ad infinitum. The blue-tinted, mosaic-like scraps of landscape almost expire behind a densely bas-relief atmosphere, given off by the weird technique, that has a tendency to create only a superficial feeling of color, energy, form. Relying too much on "method" for effects, Nesch's technique is like a mechanical invention that takes the responsibility off the shoulders of the artist.

Several rungs above any of these artists is David Smith (Willard), whose metal sculpture has none of the actual mobility of a Calder but is nevertheless more deeply moving. In the past year Smith has swerved sharply away from organic hollows and metal drippings that sometimes suggested surrealistic clothes-hangers. Now experimenting with gray-patinaed metal alphabetical symbols, bi-symmetrical compositions, his new works often look like elegantly abstracted candelabra with branches formed of a repetition of the letter Y. Although these rather frighteningly militaristic structures are over-intellectualized, they have a curiously rich homeliness.

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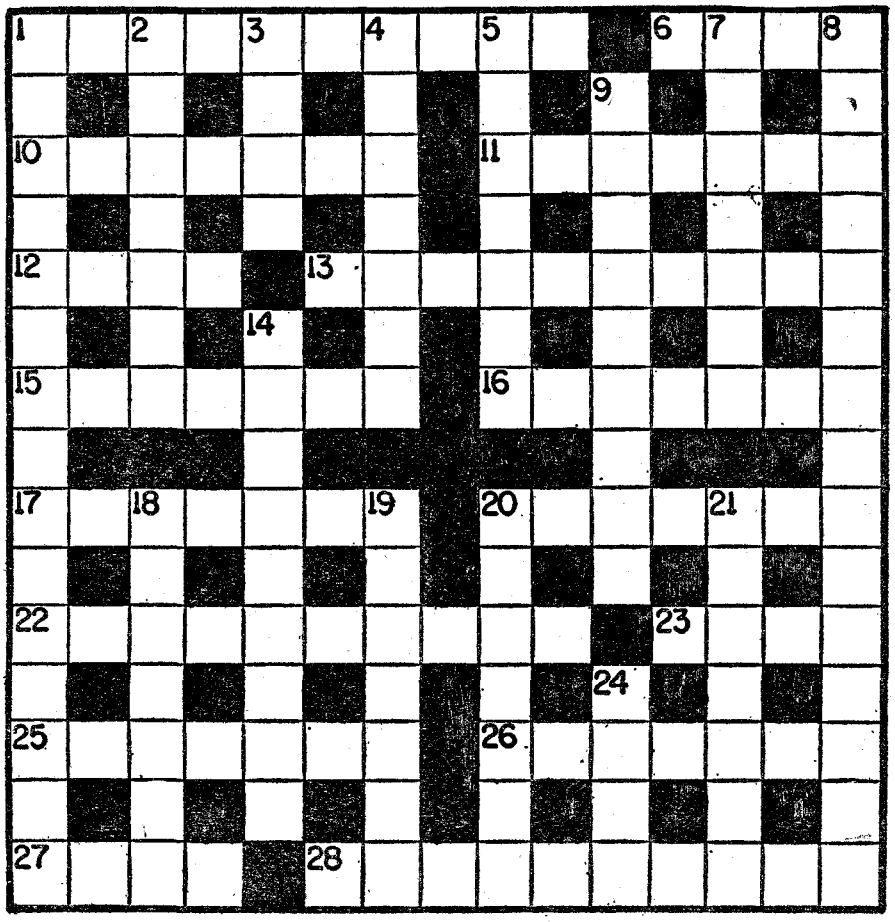
Crossword Puzzle No. 409

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Mine, just in case. (10)
6 Where one might give blows and get them in return. (4)
10 Deadly sort of a time to find an animal penned therein. (7)
11 This fair thing frown'd not on the humble birth of a Gray youth. (7)
12 A terrible man, and sort of proud of it! (4)
13 An ugly woman with a literary following? That takes the cheese! (10)
15 Obtained property in a Swedish island. (7)
16 An apron so changes her appearance! (7)
17 Return an odor just as it's beginning to exist. (7)
20 Doting on the little pest? How sweet! (7)
22 Top-heavy? (10)
23 A point carried as a result of argument, perhaps. (4)
25 Tear down the rails in protection? (7)
26 Australasia? Alas! Alack! (7)
27 Mirthful song. (4)
28 Well-prepared stroke at court? (10)

DOWN

1 What some think mustard good for. (7, 2, 3, 3)
2 Male or female? As much French is necessary to navigation. (7)
3 Fiery saint. (4)
4 Perhaps fish does, of a matter of course. (7)
5 Twice as many magi? (7)
7 Speak disparagingly of the proverbially dumb, as a famous opener. (7)
8 Not the clerics of the country! (3, 3, 2, 3, 4)
9 Sounds like a child sleeping. (9)
14 Just loves to chant! (9)
18 A bit on the slender side. (7)
19 One of Farragut's damned things is mine. (7)
20 Food for the *aficionado?* (7)
21 Hoped to sound appointed. (7)
24 Pericles' mistress hasn't Cleopatra's fatal touch. (4)

• • • • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 408

ACROSS:—1 TIME MARCHES ON; 10 LASKI; 11 DIAERESIS; 12 MILLSTONE; 13 TONIO; 14 DEVELOPMENTS; 19 BRILLIANTINE; 22 ROAST; 24 THORNDIKE; 25 INTER ALIA; 26 and 16 THREE MEN IN A TUB; 27 A RUN ON THE BANK.

DOWN:—2 INSULT; 3 EVIL SPELL; 4 ANDROMEDA; 5 CHASE; 6 EGRET; 7 OSSINING; 8 PLUMB; 9 ESPOUSE; 15 OSTEOPATH; 17 OBERLIN; 18 DISASTER; 20 CITRON; 21 LEVEL; 23 TURIN; 24 TALON.

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French scientist in new book calls for 'counter-counter-revolution'

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Translated with a Preface by Harold A. Larrabee

Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $2.50

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